

"976-EVIL"

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OVER BLACK SCREEN

We hear the sound of a PHONE RINGING six times as we:

FADE IN FROM BLACK

INT. A SEEDY APARTMENT ROOM - LOS ANGELES - MIDNIGHT

CLOSE ON a side table, a black rotary dial PHONE sits. It's oversized and somehow seems malevolent. It's RINGING with piercing clarity, the receiver trembling with every ring. The wall behind the phone is covered with faded and peeling wallpaper.

The CAMERA PANS down the phone cord, across the floor where a couple of RATS skitter along a baseboard, to a HAND resting on the floor. The hand is wrapped in a black leather GLOVE, the kind truck drivers wear.

CONTINUE PAN as the hand raises up to the sweating forehead of JOHN DOE, 34, thin, pale and slightly balding. John is sitting, almost cowering in a tattered arm chair. With each RING, he flinches as if the sound might be causing him some pain. His breathing is erratic and laboured. His breath is visible, an indication that it is very cold in the room, not at all what we would expect from Southern California.

John wrings his hands together as if they are irritating him. The leather gloves creak with newness.

JOHN

Stop it. Stop it!

The phone continues to RING. John stands, moves quickly to the phone and RIPS the cord right out of the wall. The ringing stops. Satisfied, John throws the cord down and moves back to his chair.

ANGLE ON PHONE

It begins to RING again.

BACK ON JOHN

Turning around slowly, eyes filled with horror, he rushes to the table and knocks the phone over with one swift swipe of his hand. The phone falls to the ground, the receiver tipped off its cradle.

CLOSE IN ON PHONE

Low volume at first, but building. We can hear the sound of a thousand DEMONIC WHISPERS - a chorus of mourning souls.

BACK ON JOHN

The volume builds to a crescendo. John covers his ears, screaming. He rushes to his apartment door and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

John exits his apartment into the hall. Cold air billows out behind him, like he's leaving a giant refrigerator. As John rushes through the hallway, a PAYPHONE on the wall at the other end begins to ring off its hook. He stops in his tracks. John turns, panicked and heads out of the apartment through a back entrance, the sound of the ringing phone fading.

CUT TO:

EXT. A BACK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

John rushes out of the alleyway onto a main street.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

John walks with his head lowered through a crowd of BUMS, WEIRDOS and BAG PEOPLE. He rubs his hands against his jeans to alleviate some of the apparent irritation.

MOVE WITH JOHN

continuing down the sidewalk as he passes a GTE PHONE MART.

Suddenly, all the phones in the window display begin to ring at once. The sound echoes through John's brain.

John spins in confusion and flees across the street.

ANGLE ACROSS STREET

John passes the BLUE FLAME BAR and runs head on into a DRUNK.

DRUNK
(slurred)
'Scuse me...

The guy's plastered. John bounces off him and continues rushing down the sidewalk.

CLOSE IN ON JOHN

His face perspiring as he turns a corner. John steps dead in his tracks as he almost runs into;

A PHONE BOOTH

The booth seems to beckon to John, luring him in as the phone begins to ring.

After a moment of shock, John starts toward the booth. It's as if he's finally resolved himself to his fate... Answering that damned phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John enters the phone booth and closes the glass doors. The light inside flickers on. John slowly answers the phone.

JOHN

Please, leave me alone...

There's a moment of silence and then we hear a voice. A deep, resonant, hideous voice.

MASTER (filtered)

I'm disappointed in you, John. You stopped calling. What's wrong?

JOHN

(searching)

Nothing, I -- I just don't want to --

MASTER (filtered)

Silence! Our time together has come to an end.

The light over John's head begins to glow bright white, then dark red. After an increasing BUZZING, the light EXPLODES and showers sparks and glass down on John. He spins to get out, but the door won't open. John pounds on the glass, dropping the receiver. As it dangles, we still can hear the Master's voice.

MASTER (filtered)

You are no longer suitable. Good bye, John.

The Master's voice is replaced by a CLICK and a DIAL TONE. It grows in pitch, piercing John's ears. Blood begins to trickle from his nose, eyes and ears.

John slams his fists on the glass booth leaving bloody prints. But it's no use. He's trapped.

Suddenly, John's eyes open wide. He sees something up ahead.

ANGLE FROM JOHN'S POV

A '79 four door BUICK, driving erratically, turns a corner and speeds toward CAMERA (John).

JOHN'S VOICE

Oh Christ, no...

ANGLE ON BOOTH

John's efforts to get out increase ten fold as the car accelerates toward him. More blood spews as John pounds frantically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Buick jumps the curb and smashes the phone booth. In the instant before the booth is totally obliterated, a shower of John's blood splashes against the far end of the booth's glass. John Doe is killed instantly.

The Buick continues on and smashes into a FIRE HYDRANT where water surges up out of the ground. The car comes to a stop, it's HORN stuck and BLARING.

ANGLE ON DRIVER'S SIDE

The door opens and the Drunk (seen earlier) stumbles out, a booze bottle falling to the ground by his feet. He's so intoxicated he hasn't realized what he's done.

PAN FROM THE DRUNK'S GAZE TO PHONE BOOTH REMAINS

The receiver and its frayed cord lie on the ground. As the of the horn fades into the sound of the DEMONIC WHISPERS.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK SCREEN: OPENING CREDITS

SUPERIMPOSED: GARDEN CITY, CLIFORNIA. ONE WEEK LATER.

EXT. GARDEN CITY MOVIE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Where we hear the dying demonic whispers carried over from the previous scene.

This is an old and run down theater done in art deco motif. Most of the framing and woodwork is suffering from wear and tear. There is an equally run down ticket booth out front. Like many of the other locations in this film, it looks like something out of an old Edward Hopper painting; a modern city caught between Victorian and Art Deco styles.

Above the theater, clouds are gathering as a storm approaches. There is a flash of LIGHTNING and a clap of THUNDER.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - GARDEN CITY MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

TRACK OVER audience's heads. A scary movie, perhaps "The Exorcist", is in progress. It's a morose somber crowd. They're tired, faceless and ritualistically munching popcorn.

As the CAMERA RISES, we see the flickering of the projector lamp coming from the projection booth. Camera closes in on the booth.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - GARDEN CITY MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Off of the movie soundtrack's SCREAM we hear,

MARCUS' VOICE

Hear that, Spike? Lady Luck is calling your name.

A poker game is in progress. A table has been set up behind the PROJECTOR. Seated around it are five teenagers, all about 17 years old. The first is MARCUS GREEN. Marcus is the projectionist and also the head of Garden City's local gang, THE BARRACUDAS. Marcus is black and handsome.

Three of his cohorts, AIRHEAD, RAGS, and JEFF are here. They think Marcus is the next best thing to Jesus and the Marlboro Cowboy. Airhead wears army fatigues, carries homemade weapons, has a shaved head and is a junior 'Soldier of Fortune'. Rags is the ultimate high-tech skateboard jockey. He wears a bandana, has pierced ears and keeps his board with him at all times. Jeff is, simply, a feral-looking Neanderthal cretin.

MARCUS

You in or out, Spike?

Marcus is addressing the fifth poker player whose back is to the camera. We can see his cards over his shoulder. A TWO, THREE, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN (He needs to draw a four for an inside straight). There's a small tattoo between the thumb and forefinger. It shows a railroad spike driven through a heart, dripping blood. A trail of smoke rises from a cigarette.

SPIKE'S VOICE

I'm tapped. I can't cover the bet.

MARCUS

We'll make an exception. The pink slip on your Harley.
(looking around)
Okay, Boys?

The Barracudas mutter their approval. Spike thinks for a moment and decides. He takes a long drag off his cigarette and exhales across the table at Marcus. He loves long odds. Spike throws a card down.

ANGLE ON SPIKE

SPIKE

I'm in. Give me one.

This is our first look at Leonard 'SPIKE' Johnson Jr. Spike, as everyone calls him, is a misplaced James Dean type. He has short, jet-black hair and is wearing an old brown leather motorcycle jacket. He's a good kid at heart, but you wouldn't know it from looking at him. He plays cards with the Barracudas, but he's not in the gang, not by a long shot.

TABLE

Marcus deals Spike a card as another SCREAM sounds o.s.

MARCUS

There she goes again. Good luck.

Spike looks at the card. It's a JACK. He throws down his cards and frowns. Marcus turns over a FULL HOUSE.

MARCUS

(laughing)

Didn't your daddy ever tell you? You never draw for an inside straight unless you can afford to lose.

SPIKE

Fuck off, Marcus.

Marcus tones his laugh down to a smile. He knows that with Spike you can only get away with so much. Spike gets up to leave.

MARCUS

You can bring the pink slip by my office tomorrow.

SPIKE

Not if I can come up with the cash.

Marcus and the Barracudas watch as Spike exits through a door marked, Emergency Fire Exit.

RAGS

See you tomorrow, Homeboy.

SPIKE

(sarcastic)

I can hardly wait.

They LAUGH as Marcus begins dealing out another hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SPIKE'S BOOTS

Old leather boots with silver tips. They CLOMP heavily against the rusty iron steps of a fire escape which extends one story above street level.

Spike hurdles the railing, skipping the last three steps. He lands beside an old HARLEY DAVIDSON 750.

LOW ANGLE ON KICK START

Spike's boot comes down hard, starting the bike. It's not much to look at, but the engine sounds LOUD and FAST, a real workhorse. Spike pulls the bike out and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - GARDEN CITY - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE of the storefront. We hear an engine. We see the Harley's wheels as the bike pulls up and stops. Spike's boot comes down on the pavement. Spike's hand reaches down, pulls up the cuff of his jeans and removes a ten dollar BILL from within his boot.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - GARDEN CITY - NIGHT

The CASHIER, 21 and a wanna be Yuppie, puts down his copy of How To Succeed At Everything and rings up Spike's purchases: a SIX- PACK of BEER, a pack of CIGARETTES and a copy of MOTO--WORLD MAGAZINE.

The Cashier gives him his change and bags the purchases. He pauses on the magazine, regarding it with disgust.

CASHIER

(disdainful)

Where do you think reading this stuff is going to get you?

SPIKE

Where has selling it gotten you?

Spike takes the bag off the counter and the magazine out of the Cashier's hand. He exits and through the window we see him get on his Harley and take off. The Cashier shakes his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

An older two-story Victorian style house set in the midst of a tract housing development where every five houses, except for this one, look the same. This house is inhabited by Spike's Aunt Lucy Wilmoth and her son Hoax. Next to the main house is a separate garage (also two stories) that doubles as Spike's room.

From a second floor window on the house a PIPE runs up to the roof, across the side yard, to the roof of the garage. It then travels down to a window of the apartment above the garage. The pipe is metal and about four inches in diameter. What this is exactly will be explained soon.

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CONTINUED:

One note about the house's perimeter: Growing up from the ground around the edge of the house are several clumps of rootish-looking shrubs. They're an indigenous plant called "Devil's Weed". They are maroon, perfectly harmless and make a great tea, but they have a habit of clinging and growing into the wood work.

From within Aunt Lucy's house, we can hear the rantings of a preacher's sermon obviously coming from a television.

PREACHER (OS)

(fire & brimstone)

And if, by chance, you do repent. And if, by chance, the Lord hears your words, then you shall receive the bounty of the Lord. For he surely works in mysterious ways. Witness, if you will, the miracle of Christ and the loaves of bread and baskets of fish in the kingdom of Herod. Open your bibles now to Mathew 14 - 19...

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Though the room is bathed in shadows, we can plainly see religious souvenirs and icons spread throughout. The furniture is basically out of date, but well preserved by a protective heavy PLASTIC WRAPPING. On the tables and bookshelves are several hundred magazines, all neatly stacked and categorized with individual plastic covers.

In a corner is a bird cage with a large PARROT inside. Several of Aunt Lucy's TWENTY CATS are also scattered about. In another corner a television broadcasts religious programming.

Seated on a plastic-encased couch is Aunt Lucy's son, HOAX WILMOTH. Hoax is a 15 year old nebbish with freckles and red hair. He is a mamma's boy.

Hoax flips through a National Geographic taken from one of the many piles around the room. He pulls a CANDYBAR out of his pocket and begins munching away.

PARROT

Brrrawwk! Not on the couch!
Not on the couch!

AUNT LUCY (OS)

Hoax Arthur Wilmoth! You better not be eating on my couch!!

HOAX

(mouthful)

I'm not, Momma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hoax shoves the candy bar under the couch as AUNT LUCY enters carrying a TEA TRAY. Aunt Lucy, 56, is a heavy set, unattractive woman with black frame spectacles and a bee-hive hairdo. She looks like a cross between Norman Bates' mother, live or dead and Blanche DuBois in her twilight years. She notices the chocolate around Hoax's mouth.

AUNT LUCY

(slight Southern accent)

Are you taking to lying, boy? Did you learn that trick from your cousin Spike?

HOAX

No, Ma'am.

AUNT LUCY

(eyeing magazine)

What are you reading here?

MAGAZINE - AUNT LUCY'S POV

For vicarious thrills, Hoax is looking at a photo of a naked female aboriginee. This is as close to the real thing as he ever gets.

AUNT LUCY AND HOAX

AUNT LUCY

When you're finished putting your eyes back in your head, come and get a cup of Devil's Weed tea.

Outside and o.s. the ROAR of Spike's Harley is heard. Hoax looks up excitedly.

AUNT LUCY

Don't even think about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Spike gets off the Harley with his 'groceries' and starts up a set of stairs leading to a door on the garage's second story.

Spike enters and closes the door behind him. There is another flash of lightning and a CLAP of thunder which we use to;

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - GARAGE - NIGHT

Spike enters and puts his bag down on the coffee table, two rusty oil drums with the back of a bus stop bench laid on top. He flicks on a lamp which also rests on the table. Underneath it is an old framed photo of an eight year old Spike and his Parents. Spike's Dad wears the same brown leather jacket that Spike now wears.

Spike's room is not something you'd find in Good Housekeeping. It's the ultimate boy's room, practically a Spike Museum. The older 'kid stuff' is stuck away in the corners. Tools and other adult items cover a work bench and are more prominent. This room is in direct antithesis to any of the rooms in Aunt Lucy's neurotic domicile.

In the corner is a TV set with the tube kicked in. It's used as a receptacle for empty beer cans. Next to that is an antique refrigerator, complete with the cooling fan on top. Various motorcycle ads are plastered on the walls, but most prominent is a Harley Eagle Emblem painted onto the wall. An old vacuum tube radio, a 40's style bed with an Indian Blanket and a dresser fill up the rest of the room.

Spike moves to the radio and switches it on. "Sympathy For The Devil" by The Rolling Stones blasts as Spike sits in a vinyl reclining chair by the window. Popping open a beer, he grabs his magazine and starts reading.

Through the window, we see one end of the pipe system that was described earlier. This is a primitive PNEUMATIC TUBE SYSTEM that was built by Hoax and Spike when they were both kids. It's for sending messages and is powered by an ancient VACUUM CLEANER which sits on the floor beneath it.

As Spike flips through a magazine, a WHOOSH of air is heard followed by a metallic CLINK as something is delivered through the tube.

Annoyed, Spike reaches over and pulls a small CANISTER from out of the tube's end. It's an old 20 count Redman CIGAR CONTAINER. Spike opens it and pulls out a note.

NOTE INSERT: Hi, Spike! From Hoax.

BACK ON SPIKE

He crumples the note up and looks through his window and across the way.

HOAX - SPIKE'S POV

Hoax is waving back at Spike from his own window where the pipe originates.

BACK ON SPIKE

He yanks down a ratty shade blocking out the view and Hoax. As Spike continues flipping through the magazine, a single 3x5 CARD drops from between the pages into Spike's lap. Spike picks it up and looks it over.

INSERT CARD ADVERTISEMENT

It's an ad for a 976-TOLL number, the kind you find slapped between the pages of a porno mag. But this particular card is advertising a phone service called HORRORSCOPE. Dial 976-EVIL and let the caverns of the unknown foretell your future today. Just \$2 + toll charges. The logo depicts a cartoonish "Beast-Devil" with clawed hands and feet and lizard eyes. He holds the phone with glee.

BACK TO SPIKE.

Curious, he plays with the card. He looks over to the phone which is near the TV. Spike decides, goes to the phone and dials.

A moment, then a recording for Horrorscope starts up. It is a JINGLE set to eerie music.

VOICE (filtered)

Out of the darkness and into the light, comes your Horrorscope on this dark and stormy night.

(the jingle ends)

Push 6-6-6 for your Horrorscope now.

Spike pushes the number three times. The deep voice of the MASTER OF THE DARK resonates.

MASTER (filtered)

Welcome to the caverns of the unknown. I am the Master of the Dark, the guide to your destiny on...

(computerized voice)

October 28th, 1986.

(back to Master)

Financial debts linger, but not for long. You have the urge to take risks. Don't be afraid. Your prize lies only a short distance away. Claim it!

Spike slams the phone down in disgust.

SPIKE

Two more bucks I don't have.

As Spike turns to go back to his chair, the Harley Eagle on the wall is illuminated by a flash of lightning. Spike stares at it for a moment. An idea comes to him.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A light drizzle has started. The house is dark. Everyone has gone to bed. A lightning flash reveals Spike's shadowy figure as he moves across the lawn. He goes to the side kitchen door, inserts a key and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Spike enters the darkened kitchen. He silently pulls a chair out from under the table. One of Aunt Lucy's many cats, a LARGE BLACK ONE, is curled up on it. Spike has no love for cats. He dumps it onto the floor. The cat lands with its back arched. It hisses and skulks under the table.

Spike puts the chair down in front of the refrigerator. He steps up onto the chair and reaches into the cabinet over the fridge.

ANGLE ON SPIKE - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

We see Spike, from behind, standing on the chair and framed by the doorway. Someone is watching him from the hall. The CAMERA STARTS IN. Whoever or whatever it is is moving in. Spike pulls an old TROPHY, a loving cup, from the cabinet.

SPIKE/KITCHEN

Spike is unaware of being watched. He holds the trophy which once belonged to his father. It is inscribed, First Prize. Garden City Salmon Tournament. Leonard Johnson August, 1965.

SPIKE - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA - MOVING IN

Spike reaches into the trophy and pulls out a handfull of BILLS, mostly twenties. He shoves them into his pocket. Whoever it is is about to enter the kitchen.

CAT/UNDER TABLE

The cat sits under the table looking up in Spike's direction. Its yellow eyes glow. Suddenly, something on the other side of the room catches its attention.

KITCHEN - NEW ANGLE

Spike is reaching into the trophy for seconds when a flash of lightning illuminates the room, casting a large malformed shadow on the wall behind Spike.

CAT

Looking in Spike's direction. It HISSES.

SPIKE

Hand in the trophy.

VOICE (OS)

Spike!

Spike spins. The Shadow looms. Spike loses his balance and falls off the chair. Money from the trophy flutters through the air.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A lightning flash reveals Aunt Lucy standing over Spike. She is wearing a flannel nightgown. She switches on a light.

AUNT LUCY

Just what in the name of Saint Peter
do you think you're doing?

(Southern Baptist)

Thou shalt not steal. Oh, thou
shalt not steal!

Spike stands up. Behind Aunt Lucy, Hoax enters the kitchen. He sees the money, looks at Spike and smiles. He gives Spike the thumbs up sign from behind Lucy's back. As if she senses it, Lucy wheels around to confront Hoax.

AUNT LUCY

Turn around and get yer butt up-
stairs or I'll get the strap out.

Hoax's eyes widen in terror. He turns and rushes away. Lucy turns back to Spike.

SPIKE

Don't you think he's a little too
old for that?

AUNT LUCY

Don't tell me how to raise my boy.
That's where my sister, God rest her,
went wrong with you. No discipline.
First it's a motorcycle. Then you're
failing in school. You're out all
night and now I catch you stealing!

SPIKE

Listen, you old bag. I don't care what
you think. I'm only taking what's mine.

AUNT LUCY

You know as well as me that you got
no claim to your parent's money till
you turn 21. I'll use it as I see fit
till then. Now empty your pockets!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Why don't you get the strap out
and make me.

Spike starts for the door.

AUNT LUCY

How dare you! How dare you!! Come
back here right now!

Spike heads out into the rain with a livid Aunt Lucy on his
heels.

AUNT LUCY

God'll get you for this, you evil
insubordinate little bastard!

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Spike storms away, Aunt Lucy catches up with him and blocks
him from going up to his room.

AUNT LUCY

We're not through yet.

SPIKE

Go to hell.

There is another peal of THUNDER, the loudest so far. As
Spike and Lucy continue ARGUING, the CAMERA PANS UP the side
of the house and stops at Hoax's window. Hoax is there
watching, listening gleefully. No one tells off Aunt Lucy as
good as Spike.

Suddenly, a single black OBJECT falls past Hoax's window to
the ground. Then another and another. Hoax notices. He
looks up to the sky watching for more, trying to figure out
what's going on. The CAMERA PULLS back far enough TO SHOW
that the fishfall is limited to a single column directed
between the garage and the house. The rest of the
neighborhood is unaffected.

AUNT LUCY AND SPIKE

They're still arguing nose to nose, neither giving an inch.
Several of the objects land around them.

AUNT LUCY

You can still repent, Leonard. There's
time to turn your life around. If you
could only see things the way I do.
Just look up to heaven and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Aunt Lucy looks up to the sky, one of the objects hits her right in the bee-hive. More of the objects land. Spike and Lucy look at the ground.

ANGLE ON THE GROUND - THEIR POV

Several small black fish are flopping around on the ground!

BACK ON LUCY AND SPIKE

They look around in amazement. Hoax rushes outside to join them.

HOAX

It's fish, Mamma! It's raining
fish from the sky!

The downpour of both fish and rain increases. Lucy drops to her knees in a moment of religious revelry. As rain drenches her body, she pulls the pin out of her beehive and shakes her hair loose. The wind blows it back.

AUNT LUCY

(orgasmic)

Oh holy Son of God! This is a
sign from above... These here are
God's fish! God is speaking to me.
He wants me to lead you to redemption,
Spike. Can't you see. Can't you see.
(extends arms)

The Glory of the Lord has come down
upon us!

Spike doesn't know what to make of all this, but he doesn't want anything to do with it either.

SPIKE

Jesus Christ.

Spike heads up the stairs and goes into his room, SLAMMING the door behind him.

AUNT LUCY

(post coital breath)

Hoax, quick, grab a trash can.

HOAX

What for?

AUNT LUCY

We're gonna collect ourselves a
miracle!

(looking to heavens)

Hallelujah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Hoax rushes over to get a trash can the CAMERA PULLS BACK across the street. We see that the fishfall has almost stopped.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Aunt Lucy is at the table with a copy of MODERN MIRACLE MAGAZINE. In b.g. we see the trash can. Fish are flopping around inside it.

On the cover of the magazine is the headline, Bigfoot Descended From Christ? Lucy flips open the first page, scans it excitedly and finds...

INSERT: Miracle Hotline 564-0987.

KITCHEN - NEW ANGLE

Lucy makes a note of the number on a pad of paper.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - GARAGE - NIGHT

Spike is on the phone and tapping the 976-EVIL card on the table next to a stack of money.

MASTER (filtered)
When it rains it pours. You're
not in debt anymore.

CLICK and DIAL TONE followed by a WHOOSH of AIR as another message drops into the pneumatic tube's depository. Spike hangs up the phone, reaches for the next cannister and pulls out a FISH with a note attached to it.

INSERT NOTE: Neat trick. How'd you do it? From Hoax.

BACK ON SPIKE

He shakes his head and throws the note and fish into the handy "TV-trash can."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EDWARD HOPPER HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

An old white-washed 1920's era high school. There is a parking lot in front of an administration building, a flag pole displays the Stars and Stripes, a few STUDENTS crossing by with books, lunches, sports equipment, etc...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The school's principal, ANGELLA MARTINEZ, pulls up to a parking space with her name stenciled across the cement footing. She drives a beautifully restored white 1965 MUSTANG Convertible. However, her progress is impeded because Spike's MOTORCYCLE is parked there. Routinely, she HONKS her horn three times and Spike moves INTO FRAME.

Angella exits her car. She's 35 years old and in fantastic shape for her 'age'. She has shoulder length black hair and despite conservative clothing, it's obvious that she's quite sexy. She's of Latin descent, perhaps third-generation Mexican-American. Angella is the main stay of this school. Her no-nonsense manner is matched only by her true caring nature for every student who enters her school, including Spike.

Spike approaches, flicking a cigarette away.

ANGELLA

Every day I drive to school looking forward to parking in my space. And everyday I get here and find your bike.

SPIKE

(good naturedly)
It's a free country, Miss Martinez.

ANGELLA

For those who earn it, Mr. Johnson. Speaking of which, half my teaching staff, as well as myself, are very interested in knowing exactly which decade you're planning to graduate in?

SPIKE

What does it matter?

ANGELLA

Because the world is run by movers and shakers, Leonard, not bikers.

Spike rolls his eyes, quickly starts his bike and allows her access to her space. He likes Angella, but not her lectures.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Angella enters the building through double doors. STUDENTS pass by her, some in a hurry, others chatting, some going home sick. Among them is Hoax. He spots Angella from down a hallway. He heads toward her, a shy smile on his face. Angella concentrates on keeping her arm load of books balanced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX
(puppy love)
Hi, Miss Martinez. Let me help you.

ANGELLA
(sincere)
No thanks, Hoax. I can manage, but
thank you. You're a thoughtful
young man.

HOAX
(blushing)
I'm working on that filing you
asked me do. It's almost finished.

ANGELLA
I knew I gave the job to the right
person. See you after lunch.

Angella moves ahead toward her office. As she goes, Hoax
scans her body moving gracefully through the corridor. He
sighs - a true puppy love crush.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - EDWARD HOPPER HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Empty at first until a bell RINGS indicating the end of the
period. Soon the hallway is swarming with STUDENTS. Spike is
one of them. He moves to the men's room door.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

The place you don't go even if you have to. Heavy metal
GRAFFITI and Satanic SYMBOLS cover the walls. Smoke hangs
heavy in the air.

Marcus Green is in the center of the bathroom collecting
extortion money from a younger PUDGY STUDENT.

MARCUS
Don't forget. Every Monday, Wednes-
day and Friday. You can eat lunch
the other two days... Awww, don't
pout. We're doin' you a favor.
(looks over Pudgy Kid's body)
A real big favor.

Spike comes in as the Pudgy Kid leaves with tears in his eyes.
Somewhere in the bathroom (os) a COMMOTION is going on. We
hear gurgles and laughter as someone is being tormented.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS

Spike, my man! Your cousin tells me you're gonna be eating a lot of seafood the next couple of months.

SPIKE

Come by and pick some up. I hear it's real brain food.

MARCUS

Ha ha. Let's get to the business at hand. See this cash?
(holds out Pudgy Kid's bucks)
Gonna buy me a motorcycle jacket, just like the one you're wearing.

SPIKE

You'll look real stupid wearing it at a bus stop.

Spike takes the money he got from the trophy and slaps it onto the sink counter. Marcus smiles.

MARCUS

Hey, hey, hey. What happened?
You hold up a liquor store?

Spike ignores Marcus and turns his attention to the noise b.g.

MOVE WITH SPIKE

As he walks back toward the stalls. He passes several empty stalls and stops at the last one. We hear water SPLASHING and see Jeff, Airhead and Rags shoving SOMEONE into a toilet head first. Rags sees Spike.

RAGS

Hey, Home Boy? What's up?

Spike is closer now as the Three Goons bring their victim up for air. It's Hoax! They shove his head back into the toilet.

SPIKE

(calmly)
Let him go.

AIRHEAD

Since when did you start stickin' up for Hoax?

SPIKE

Shut up, Skinhead, and back off.

AIRHEAD

The name's Airhead!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcus moves forward.

MARCUS

Come on, Spike. A toilet shampoo
never hurt anyone. My boys are
just having a little fun.

Spike grabs the overhead door frame bar, swings up and kicks Jeff and Rags, sending them sprawling to the back of the stall. Both hit the floor hard. Airhead takes a swing at Spike and misses. Spike looks at him with regret. He shouldn't have done that. Spike ducks another punch and then lets Airhead have it right in the nose. Airhead goes down for the count.

SPIKE AND HOAX

Spike pulls Hoax out of the toilet. He's soaking wet, gasping for breath.

SPIKE

You okay?

HOAX

(angry, embarrassed)
I knew you'd show up, Spike. Let's
kick these assholes into tomorrow.

SPIKE

Why don't you do that, Hoax. I got
to get to Biology.

FULL ON BOY'S ROOM

As Spike starts out, Marcus stands clear, allowing him to pass.

MARCUS

(smiling)
Have a nice day.
(looking at Hoax)
Now what were you going to do?

Hoax hustles out after Spike.

Airhead gets up off the floor and begins to stagger after them, pulling a homemade ZIP-GUN out from underneath his fatigue jacket. Marcus grabs him by the arm and holds him back.

MARCUS

Put the gun away, Airhead. This
ain't Nicaragau.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF THE BATHROOM

Spike exits the bathroom, followed quickly by Hoax. CAMERA MOVES WITH them as they head down the hall.

HOAX

Why'd you leave? We could've taken those guys. We're a team, Spike.

SPIKE

I thought I told you not to tell anyone about last night.

HOAX

I only told Marcus so he would leave me alone.

SPIKE

What are you talking about?

HOAX

Mamma said we were blessed by the Lord last night. I thought it was only fair to warn them.

Spike rolls his eyes. He's heard enough. He stops.

SPIKE

Well unless the Lord is going to go to the head with you, you better stay out of there till you can handle yourself.

Spike gives Hoax a pat on the back. Hoax watches as Spike moves quickly down the crowded hallway.

HOAX

(calling after him)

Don't you see, Spike? He sent you to save me.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

MARTY PALMER, 36, correspondent for Modern Miracle Magazine, rings the doorbell. Marty is a handsome man with unkempt brown hair and brown eyes. He wears a wrinkled spring weight rain coat over a blue button down shirt that's seen one dry cleaning too many. There's a CAMERA slung round his neck and he fingers a NOTE PAD. Marty had always planned on becoming a great reporter, but somewhere along the way between here and journalism school he got sidetracked.

The door opens to reveal Aunt Lucy standing on the other side of a screen door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUNT LUCY

Whatever you're selling, Mister.
I'm not buying.

Lucy slams the door. Marty takes a deep breath.

MARTY

My name is Marty Palmer. I'm from
Modern Miracle. I'm looking for
Lucy Wilmoth.

The door opens immediately. Aunt Lucy stands there with a friendly smile.

AUNT LUCY

(effusive)

Why, Mr. Palmer, please, enter my
humble home.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEYARD - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE

The wind blows gently through the elms. Aunt Lucy is showing Marty the spot where the fishfall took place.

MARTY

And you were standing right here
when it happened, Mrs. Wilmoth?

AUNT LUCY

Sure as the day is long. Right here.
(coy, flirtatious)
And please, call me Lucretia.

Marty takes another deep breath. At least this job pays the rent. He snaps off a few pictures.

MARTY

I'm going to need an accurate description of the miracle. And if there were any other witnesses, I'll need to speak with them also.

AUNT LUCY

That would be my son Hoax. Let me just collect my roots, we'll go in, brew some tea and I'll tell you all about it.

Aunt Lucy goes to the side of the house and picks up a basket of Devil's Weed Roots and a pair of garden shears.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE

Marty and Aunt Lucy over a cup of tea.

AUNT LUCY

(over dramatic)

And then the rains started. I was on my knees, calling for God's will to help my wayward nephew. And the sky rumbled, and the will of God showered down upon us... Spread his fish... His fish!

MARTY

(writing)

His... fish.

(stifling laugh)

And were they multi-colored fish or fish with two heads?

AUNT LUCY

(scolding)

Mr. Palmer, you may think this is all some kind of joke, but I take the truth as serious as I take the gospel itself. If you ain't gonna pay attention, there's no reason for me to waste my breath as well as a good cup of tea.

MARTY

Sorry, Mrs. Wilmoth. You have to understand. In this field I get a lot of, well, crackpots who say they met Jesus on the subway or have neighbors building arks in their basements. After a while, miracles don't seem so... miraculous. If you had some evidence, something to prove it rained fish.

AUNT LUCY

Another doubting Thomas. Dear Lord!

Very tired, as if she's had to prove herself a thousand times, Lucy stands and goes to the refrigerator. She pulls open a door to the upper freezer revealing a SOLID BLOCK OF FROZEN FISH filling the entire compartment.

Marty's interest is piqued. He moves in for a closer look.

MARTY

And this is all the fish that fell?

Aunt Lucy just looks at Marty and pulls open the lower door. An avalanche of fishies (4X the freezer amount) pours out onto the floor. Marty is knocked over by the downpour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seconds later all of Lucy's Twenty Cats swarm over the fish and Marty. Aunt Lucy desperately tries to shoo them away.

AUNT LUCY

Shoo! Git! These here are the Lord's fish. They ain't for eatin'. Now git!

Marty looks about, totally astonished.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD HOPPER HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Angella exits with a new armload of books and papers. She manages to enter her car and then pulls out of her space. Instantly, Spike drives his bike into the space and stops. Angella smiles, shakes her head and rolls down the window.

ANGELLA

Okay, Spike, it's all yours...
Until tomorrow morning that is.

Spike nods and watches her drive away. He lights a cigarette.

Across the front lawn, SUZIE WALKER, 17, approaches Spike. Suzie, a championship poor kid, has spiked blonde hair and wears a denim jacket. She's small, almost waif-like, but being born on the wrong side of the tracks has made her tougher than she looks. She wears a SKULL & CRUCIFEX EARRING. A tattoo tear drips forever from her eye.

SUZIE

Hi, Spike.

SPIKE

(nonchalant)
How's it going?

Spike looks over and sees that it's Suzie. There a definite mutual attraction here, but it's an awkward moment as he can't remember her name.

SUZIE

I'm Suzie. Suzie Walker. We have detention together.

SPIKE

That's right. We're both social adjustment cases.

They share a LAUGH.

SPIKE

Too bad that's the only place we see each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZIE
(playful)
You got a better idea?

Spike smiles and flicks his cigarette away just as we hear the WHINE of a motor scooter off in the distance.

SPIKE
I'll pick you up right here at seven tonight.

SUZIE
You got a date.

SPIKE
I didn't say anything about a date.

SUZIE
I did.

A beat-up, old VESPA SCOOTER pulls up alongside Spike. The RIDER wears a full-face helmet with gloves and boots. The scooter is covered with about a mile of safety REFLECTIVE TAPE. Spike looks at it with disdain. The Rider removes his helmet and we see it's Hoax.

HOAX
Hey, Spike. Hear my muffler? I punched it in metal shop today. Sounds like yours now.

SPIKE
I'm busy, Hoax. I'll talk to you later.

HOAX
I was thinking we might race home.
(to Suzie, voice cracking)
Spike and me are planning to take a trip cross country on our bikes if my momma let's me.
(beat)
Y'know, if you had a friend, we certainly would be more comfortable with a couple of babes riding on the back.

Spike is as close to being embarrassed as he gets.

SPIKE
(to Suzie)
See you at seven.

Spike starts the bike, revs the engine for emphasis and then rides a wheelie out of the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX
Wait up, Spike!
(to Suzie)
See ya later, Doll.

Hoax revs his scooter, pops a wheelie and starts away. He then loses his balance and flops over onto the concrete. Suzie suppresses a laugh out of courtesy.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marty checks out a couple of religious icons set on the fireplace mantle. He spots a few of Lucy's favorite Modern Miracle articles, laminated for posterity. Lucy is sitting in her chair, sipping from a tea cup.

AUNT LUCY
(bartering)
I want a front page cover and an inside story on page three. Just like you gave the woman who found a fork from the last supper.

Marty moves over to the couch.

MARTY
A front page cover, no by-line and a story placed at the editor's discretion.
(she frowns)
My hands are tied.

Marty sits on the couch.

PARROT
Not on the couch! Brwwackk!

Marty jumps back up. Lucy puts a calming hand on his shoulder and sits back down with him on the couch. Much too close for Marty's comfort.

AUNT LUCY
(seductive)
Don't pay any heed to that bird. He always says that. I don't know where he learned it.

We hear Spike's bike pull up outside. Marty stands, goes to the window and looks out.

SPIKE - MARTY'S POV

Spike gets off his Harley and heads up to his room.

LIVING ROOM/MARTY AND LUCY

Lucy puts the empty tea cups on the tray.

MARTY
(looks to Lucy)
Does your son drive a motorcycle?

AUNT LUCY
God forbid! That's my no account nephew Leonard. Stay away from him. Why, he's trouble.

MARTY
Is he the one you were praying for when the fishfall started?
(Lucy nods)
Was he there last night?

AUNT LUCY
No, Sir. Just me and my son.

O.s. we hear the whine of Hoax's scooter. Lucy picks up the tray and starts for the kitchen.

AUNT LUCY
Now that sounds like my Hoax.

MARTY
Do you mind if I talk to him?

AUNT LUCY
Why I'd take offence if you didn't.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - DAY

To say this room is neat would be a gross understatement. Everything is ordered, from the shoes arranged according to the color spectrum to the neatly framed butterfly collection. Not a speck of dust anywhere. Not normal for a boy Hoax's age. There are also signs of an arrested development, old toys and faded clown wallpaper.

Hoax is sitting at his desk in front of the window with his hands cupped around something. The faint CHIRPS of a cricket can be heard.

Hoax's end of the pneumatic tube system is hooked up by the desk. A vacuum cleaner power plant sits on the floor. Marty is here, too. He points at the tube system.

MARTY
What's all this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX
(with pride)
Spike and me built it when we were
kids. It's for sending messages.

MARTY
(realizing)
Pretty ingenious. Just like the
drive up windows at the bank.

HOAX
I've kindof outgrown it, but Spike
still insists on using it.

MARTY
Spike... Is that your cousin Leonard?
(Hoax nods)
Where was he when it rained fish on
your mom?

HOAX
He was cussing her out. No one
talks to her like he does.

As he questions Hoax, Marty begins moving around the room
checking things out.

MARTY
Where were you?

HOAX
Right here at this desk. I saw
the fish first.

Marty taps on the glass cage of Hoax's pet SPIDER. It's a
large, hairy, brown recluse spider. Very poisonous. Marty
moves to the closet which is open a crack. He opens it the
rest of the way. Inside, hanging from the clothesbar are
several GI JOES with nooses around their necks.

Marty is a bit surprised. Hoax notices and decides to let
Marty in on the secret.

HOAX
(conspiratorially)
A surprise for my Mamma. She
likes to snoop in my room.

MARTY
I imagine it's very effective.

Hoax goes to the cage. He uncups his hands and drops a
CRICKET in with the spider. The Spider prances onto it and
starts eating.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN GARDEN CITY - EARLY EVENING

Marty drives down the main drag in his primer spotted Chevy CHEVETTE. A faded decal on the side reads Garden City Rent-A-Wreck. The town consists of the Movie House, a Drug Store, a Barber Shop, Dante's Diner and an Auto Parts Store. Most of them red brick facades. There is also an old fashioned WOODEN TELEPHONE BOOTH located in front of the Auto Parts Store.

Marty enters Dante's.

CUT TO:

INT. DANTE'S DINER

An old run down place. It's a hang-out for different groups depending on the time of day. Marty sits in a booth by the window with a view of the Auto Parts Store across the street. A WAITRESS, late 20's, sets a cup of coffee down in front of him. She's walked a hard road in a short life and Dante's is the dead end. She has short hair, a long braided tail and she wears a faded dark green uniform and a soiled apron.

MARTY

What time do they roll the sidewalk up around here?

WAITRESS

(ignoring his remark)
You ready to order?

MARTY

(scanning menu)
Give me a few more minutes. There's such a wide selection.

The Waitress moves away. Outside we hear and see Spike's bike pull up to the Auto Parts Store. Marty watches as Spike enters the store.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO PARTS STORE - EARLY EVENING

Cluttered, wonderful, the kind of place Dad took you to on a lazy Sunday. Nudie car part calenders, Pirelli posters, auto emblem key chains - the works.

Spike looks at a pair of leather driving GLOVES. The store owner, JERRY PAIGE, 50, steps up to the counter from somewhere in the back.

JERRY

My kid's bringing that part, Spike. Should be here in fifteen minutes. It's a bitch getting an original mirror for a '65 Harley. It's worth it for your Dad's old bike though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spike nods and holds up the gloves.

SPIKE
How much are these, Jerry?

JERRY
Twenty bucks. They're real leather.

Spike looks at the gloves ruefully. He doesn't have enough money. He puts them back down.

SPIKE
I'll wait outside.

Jerry nods. Spike starts out. Jerry turns and switches on a RADIO which plays "Old Devil Moon."

CUT TO:

INT. DANTE'S DINER

Marty is reviewing his notes when he sees Spike exit the Auto Parts Store. He watches Spike.

SPIKE/OUTSIDE STORE

Spike pulls a cigarette from behind his ear and sticks it in his mouth. He begins rummaging around his pockets for a lighter. He pulls out the Horrorscope Card instead. He looks at it a moment and then glances over at the phone booth. What the hell?

PHONE BOOTH

Spike enters, pumps a handful of change into the phone and begins dialing. A pause, then the Horrorscope jingle starts.

VOICE (filtered)
Out of the darkness and into the
light comes your Horrorscope on
this dark and stormy night.
(the jingle ends)
Push 6-6-6 for your Horrorscope now.

Spike pushes the number three times.

MASTER (filtered)
Welcome to the caverns of the un-
known. I am the Master of the Dark,
the guide to your destiny on...
(computerized voice)
October 29th, 1986.
(back to Master)
A real man has the nerve, to take
what he deserves.

CLICK and DIAL TONE. Spike hangs up the phone and looks over at the Auto Parts Store.

MARTY/DINER

Marty watches as Spike goes back into the store.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO PARTS STORE

Spike enters the store and moves quietly up the aisle. The phone behind the counter RINGS. Jerry answers it, giving his full attention to the caller. Note - Throughout this scene we hear Jerry trying to explain to the caller that he has reached a wrong number. But the caller doesn't seem to want to listen. Or could it be that he's running interference for Spike.

ON SPIKE

Spike looks over at Jerry and then comes to a stop by the leather glove display. He quietly grabs a pair, sticks them in his pocket and starts out of the store. Spike takes a few steps and then looks back at Jerry. He's still trying to convince the stubborn caller that he has reached a wrong number.

Call it guilt or a sudden attack of good sense, but Spike stops, goes back to the display, and returns the gloves. He starts back out again.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO PARTS STORE

Spike exits and sticks the cigarette back into his mouth. He finds his lighter and light up. Suddenly, the pay phone begins to RING. Spike looks over at it.

MARTY/DINER

Marty watches Spike through the window. He is beginning to get curious. Marty pulls a coin out of his pocket. Should he talk to him or not? Marty flips the coin. He looks back at Spike and then at the coin. Marty gets up and starts out.

SPIKE/PHONE BOOTH

The phone is still ringing. Finally Spike enters and picks up the phone.

SPIKE

Hello?

The Master's voice answers, only this time it sounds less like a recording and more like the real thing.

MASTER (filtered)

A real man has the nerve to take what he deserves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

What is this bullshit?

MASTER (filtered)

A real man has the nerve to take --

SPIKE

Fuck you!

A sudden, deathly silence over the phone line. Then a surge of static. The overhead light in the booth flickers. CLICK.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Your Horrorscope on October 29th,
1986... Look both ways before
crossing any street in life.

DIAL TONE. Spike slams the receiver down.

REVERSE ANGLE

As Spike exits the phone booth, we see (but Spike doesn't) Marty exit the diner across the street.

As Spike fishes for his matches, he accidentally spills his coins, lint and the Horrorscope card into the street. He steps off the curb and bends down to pick everything up.

ANGLE DOWN STREET

A '69 pontiac FIREBIRD whips around a corner at high speed. Moments later, it is followed by a COP CAR containing Garden City's answer to the Gestapo - SGT. BELL.

REVERSE ANGLE - ACROSS FIREBIRD'S HOOD

The car bears down on Spike, who can be seen up ahead. The Firebird's hood bears a SPIDER'S WEB DECAL.

BACK ON SPIKE

About to meet his Maker, but just before he is hit by the Firebird, Marty dashes the rest of the way across the street.

MARTY

Look out!!

Marty lunges and tackles Spike to the ground as the two cars whip past. The rush of air created by the cars causes the Horrorscope Card to flutter up into the air for a moment.

Spike gets up, dusts off his pants and jacket and looks to Marty.

SPIKE

Thanks. I owe you one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

You're supposed to look both ways
before you cross a street.

Spike looks back over to the phone booth. An eerie moment.

SPIKE

Yeah, so I'm told.

Marty bends over and picks up Spike's lighter, cigarettes and the Horrorscope Card. Marty looks at the card for a moment, but Spike rips it out of his hand. Spike shoves it into his pocket along with the lighter and smokes.

MARTY

Must be a really important piece
of paper.

SPIKE

Naw, it's just another thing I
don't need in my life.

MARTY

You're pretty independent, huh?

SPIKE

I get by on my own. Always have.

Marty begins to LAUGH. Spike looks at him suspiciously.

SPIKE

What's so funny.

MARTY

Nothing. You remind me of someone
I used to know.

SPIKE

Who?

MARTY

Me. Listen, you said you owe me
one. Talk to me for a few minutes
and we'll call it even.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - DANTE'S DINER - MINUTES LATER

Marty and Spike sit. The Waitress stands over them.

MARTY

I'll have a Western Omelette.

SPIKE

The usual for me.

MOVE WITH the Waitress as she goes to the COOK'S counter.

WAITRESS

One Western and a devilled-egg
sandwich.

MARTY AND SPIKE

MARTY

I spoke with your Aunt earlier. It's
pretty strange what happened at her
house last night. Don't you think?

SPIKE

Let's get one thing straight.
It's not her house. It's mine.
She just has guardianship over it
until I'm twenty-one.

MARTY

Whatever. Fish don't fall from
the sky every night.

SPIKE

Maybe Starkist just dropped a load
over California.

MARTY

(smiling)
You're not going to make this
easy, are you?

SPIKE

Sorry, Charlie.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANTE'S DINER - EVENING

That infernal Waitress is clearing the dishes from the table
where Spike and Marty sat. Through the window, we can see
them outside the auto parts store.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO PARTS STORE - EVENING

Spike is strapping his package to the back of his seat. Marty
stands by watching.

MARTY

So there's nothing you can tell me
about this fishfall.

SPIKE

You're the reporter. You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

For a man of the world, such as yourself, this must seem like an average everyday occurrence. If it had rained whales maybe you'd have noticed.

SPIKE

(bored)

Maybe.

Spike kickstarts his bike and pulls it into the street. Marty watches as Spike wheelies through a yellow light.

Almost immediately, the Cop Car containing Sgt. Bell pulls out from behind the diner and takes off in pursuit of Spike. Marty frowns and moves to his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF GARDEN CITY - EVENING

Spike whips low around a corner. His crash bar bottoms out sending up a shower of sparks. Bell's patrol car skids around the corner in hot pursuit with lights flashing and SIREN blaring.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD HOPPER HIGH SCHOOL - EVENING

Suzie stands alone in front waiting for Spike. She checks up and down the street and sighs. It doesn't look like he's going to show. But wait... We hear that unmistakable sound as Spike comes ROARING up the street. He skids to a stop in front of Suzie.

SUZIE

Hi, Spike. I --

SPIKE

Get on.

Suzie shrugs and hops on back. She almost falls off as Spike roars away. Sgt. Bell's patrol car appears down the street as he continues his pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NEAR THE HIGH SCHOOL

Spike, with Suzie on the back of his bike, rips around a corner and heads down the street with Bell right on his tail. Uh oh, the street ends in a cul-de-sac. But Spike knows the area really well. He zooms toward a house at the top of the circle and speeds up the driveway past a parked car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZIE

Oh - my - God.

Bell is not confused. His car fishtails around the cul-de-sac and rips back up the street.

MOVE WITH SPIKE as he roars through the backyard, off a dirt berm, over a PIT where a swimming pool is being built, and out through a break in the fence. His bike emerges in a vacant lot behind the school where Sgt. Bell is already speeding toward him.

VACANT LOT

Spike power slides the Harley 90 degrees and runs parallel to the back field of the school where several drainage PIPES, exposed above ground, are waiting to be placed.

Spike drives on one side of the pipes with Bell on the other. Ahead is a CEMENT WALL which cuts the path of both vehicles. The only way out is through one PIPE which goes through the wall. Bell is trying to reach the mouth of the pipe before Spike.

But Spike is fast and reckless. He gets there first and guns his bike through the pipe. Bell's car slides to a stop, almost flipping over. He gets out of the car and shakes his fist in Spike's direction.

BELL

I'll get you next time, you
radical s.o.b.

(grinning)

Hell of a run though.

OTHER SIDE OF WALL

Spike wheels out slowly as Suzie pats him victoriously on the back.

SUZIE

Do you do that often?

SPIKE

Do what?

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - GARAGE - NIGHT

We see Suzie's naked back glistening with sweat as she gives Spike the ride of his life. She's in charge and he likes it. She has his wrists pinned to the bed. A cigarette dangles from his fingers. A blue haze above them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suzie takes the cigarette from Spike and inhales without missing a beat. She smiles at Spike, sticks the ciggie in his mouth and takes hold of his wrist again.

Suddenly, we switch to a shot of them as seen through a telescope.

SPIKE AND SUZIE - TELESCOPE IRIS

They're further along now.

CUT TO:

THE BUSINESS END OF A LARGE TELESCOPE

PAN DOWN the length of the telescope to reveal Hoax at the other end. He's in his room watching them. Hoax slowly reaches for the TELEPHONE. He picks it up and we see him dial 9-7-6 before we go back to:

SPIKE - TELESCOPE'S POV

Spike gets up from the bed to retrieve a fresh pack of smokes from his jacket. The Horrorscope card sticks to the pack. Spike crumples the card and tosses it at his tv-trash can. It misses and bounces to the floor. Spike rejoins Suzie as we hear a phone ringing from the dialer's side.

HOAX

He peers through the telescope and holds the phone to his ear.

SEXY FEMALE (filtered)

Hi. We met last week on the plane coming backn from Rio. You wanted to join the 20,000 feet club and after one look, I wanted to be the one to initiate you. So we went into the rest room where I unzipped your fly and...

Hoax's heavy breathing begins to fog the lens over.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Suzie and Spike are climaxing, we hear the sound of the pneumatic tube as it delivers a message.

SUZIE

(stopping)

What was that, Spike?

SPIKE

Nothing. Keep going.

[CONTINUED]

CONTINUED:

SUZIE

No, I heard something.

In disgust, Spike reaches over and pops open the tube. He pulls out the cannister and removes a slip of paper.

INSERT NOTE: Nice Babe. From Hoax.

SPIKE AND SUZIE

Suzie grabs the note and reads it.

SUZIE

(puzzled)

Who's this from?

SPIKE

No one... My cousin Hoax. Ignore it.

Suzie looks to the window, realizes and yanks the covers up over herself. Spike reaches over and pulls down the shade.

SUZIE

What kind of sicko is he?

SPIKE

You should meet his mother. Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hoax is just finishing cleaning the lens on his telescope when he hears Spike's bike START up. He listens as the sound of the bike fades away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - FIVE HOUSES AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Spike pulls the bike to the side of the road and turns it off. He dismounts and starts walking back, his boots clomping on the ground. A real Roughian.

SUZIE

Spike? Where are you going? Spike?

Suzie gets off and follows after Spike. She has trouble with her high heels so she takes them off.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hoax is in here now. He's perusing over the remnants of Spike and Suzie's lovemaking. He stands back, careful not to touch anything. He's just admiring the view.

Suddenly, Hoax spots the Horrorscope card crumpled and lying on the floor. He bends down to pick it up. As though the card has given him courage, Hoax relives the moment by smelling over the bed, feeling the left over heat. This moment is his own.

Hoax spies something beside the bed. Suzie's EARRING. He picks it up. He's quite happy to have something of hers. He then turns and looks at himself in the mirror. Hoax moves closer. He checks himself over and is not too pleased. If only he were a little bit more like Spike.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAIRS TO SPIKE'S ROOM - GARAGE

Spike starts up the stairs motioning Suzie to be quiet and to stay put. Suzie is not pleased and she assumes a pose of exasperation. As Spike continues, a couple of boards SQUEAK.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM

Hoax hears the boards creak as he picks up the crumpled Horrorscope Card. He straightens bashing his head on the underside of the table. He mouths the word "ouch".

A look of panic as Hoax looks to the door. He knows who is on the other side. No time to sneak out. Furiously, he grabs one of the message tubes, stuffs the earring and card inside, then sends it through the system with a push of a button just as Spike throws open the door.

SPIKE

Hoax!

SUZIE/OUTSIDE

Suzie hears a quick WHOOSH and looks up to see the pneumatic tube rattling as the cannister crosses the yard toward Hoax's room.

SPIKE AND HOAX/SPIKE'S ROOM

Hoax, with his back to the tube system, watches as Spike moves toward him. Spike is very angry.

SPIKE

How many times I gotta tell you
to stay out of my room Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX
(backing up)
I-I-I thought I saw someone in here.

SPIKE
Empty your pockets. Now!

Hoax knows Spike's not buying his story. He pulls his pockets inside out to show that they're empty.

SPIKE
Get out of here.

As Hoax passes, Spike cuffs him on the back of the head. It's not hard enough to really hurt, but Spike makes his point. What's he gonna do with Hoax?

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPS - GARAGE - NIGHT

Hoax comes down the steps with Spike watching from the top. Hoax hurries past Suzie and heads over to the house. Suzie looks up at Spike who starts down.

SUZIE
What was that all about?

SPIKE
Nothing. I forgot my wallet.

Spike passes by Suzie as he heads for the street.

SUZIE
But why'd we park so far away?

SPIKE
I never drive anywhere without my license.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - GARDEN CITY MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Suzie takes a red and white striped bag of POPCORN and a COKE from the candy counter. She looks back at Spike. His tickets are being torn by the TICKET TAKER. He looks like a linebacker for the local high school football team.

SUZIE
Okay, let's go.

They are starting toward the theater entrance when they see Marcus, Rags, Airhead and Jeff climbing the stairs to the projection booth. Marcus sees Spike, flares a deck of cards in his direction, and continues up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spike stops, reaches into his pocket and pulls out about four bucks in bills and change. Suzie eyes him suspiciously.

SPIKE

Find us some seats. I'll be right in.

SUZIE

(realizing)

Oh, Spike.

SPIKE

(sweet, kissing her)

I'll be right in. I promise.

Suzie shakes her head and enters the theater. Spike heads up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Marcus and the Barracudas are just sitting down to play when Spike enters. A GANG GIRL wannabe sits against the wall watching the proceedings hopefully. She has a severely short haircut and is rather androgynous looking.

RAGS

You bring your pink slip, Homeboy?
You're gonna need it.

The Barracudas LAUGH. Spike closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Another midnight showing of the "The Exorcist". The same faceless, soulless, denizens of the dark watching with hollowed eyes. Only Suzie stands out. Alone, she finishes her popcorn, crumples the empty bag and looks over her shoulder at the projection booth. She's not too happy about being left alone.

ANGLE ON FLOOR BY SUZIE'S FEET

The popcorn bag lands by her restless feet. She stands on her high heels and WE FOLLOW her feet up the aisle.

CUT TO:

INT. LADY'S ROOM - MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

A large, old art deco style restroom that hasn't been remodeled in fifty years. There are elaborate tile designs, free-standing sinks and several stalls.

Suzie enters. There is no one else here. She checks her make-up in the vanity mirror and then enters one of the stalls.

STALL

Suzie closes the stall door and checks the toilet seat to see if it's clean. Suddenly, the lights go out. Suzie tenses up.

SUZIE

(scared)

H-Hello? Could you turn the light on? I can't see.

Silence. Suzie thinks. She suddenly seems relieved.

SUZIE

Must be the fuse.

The sound of a few FOOTSTEPS. Suzie tenses again.

SUZIE

Is anyone out there?

Silence. Suzie opens the door and peeks out. Somewhere in the darkness, there is a low, evil LAUGH.

Suzie SCREAMS and makes a mad dash for the door. Just before she reaches it, something grabs her. Suzie SCREAMS hysterically and flails her arms. She accidentally switches the light back on TO REVEAL...

AIRHEAD

with bald head and fatigues, holding onto her. He grins.

SUZIE

You... you asshole!

Suzie pulls away and exits the room. Airhead LAUGHS. What fun.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Airhead is missing from the game. Spike has lost most of what little money he had. The door opens and Suzie enters, still trembling a little.

SUZIE

Spike, if you're going to be up here all night, I'm going home.

Airhead enters and moves past Suzie.

AIRHEAD

(laughing)

Excuse me.

Suzie gives Airhead a dirty look, sizes up the Gang Girl and then looks back at Spike. Spike has one dollar left. He throws it into the pot. He takes a drag on his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Go back downstairs. I'll be through in a minute.

Marcus nods in agreement. Suzie sighs, turns and leaves.

AIRHEAD

Bye.

SPIKE

Shut up and deal, Ram-butt.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Hoax sits at his desk. In front of him are the earring, the flattened out Horrorscope Card and the spider cage, which Hoax is methodically tapping on. Hoax seems agitated. He picks up the card and looks at it. He's dialed 976 porn numbers and had a good time. Maybe this Horrorscope line will be fun. As he picks up the phone and dials, a breeze begins to blow through the trees outside. The eerie JINGLE starts.

VOICE (filtered)

Out of the darkness and into the light, comes your Horrorscope on this dark and stormy night.

Hoax snickers at the stupid jingle.

MASTER (filtered)

Welcome to the caverns of the unknown. I am the Master of the Dark, the guide to your destiny on...

(computerized voice)

October 29th, 1986.

(back to Master)

Your problems are not nearly as bad as they seem. So take in a late show to meet the girl of your dreams.

The infamous CLICK and DIAL TONE. Hoax hangs up the phone to ponder the message. He looks over at the earring.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Luck swings in a wide arc and now Spike is winning, a large pile of cash sits in front of him. The Barracudas' attitudes have changed. They're sullen and quiet. Spike deals cards. He's enthusiastic, a real pro.

Suzie enters the room again. She's pissed beyond repair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZIE

This is it, Spike. I'm going home!

SPIKE

Here's twenty bucks. Take a cab.

SUZIE

(taking it)

Thanks. It's a night I'll never forget.

Suzie storms out. Spike heaves a SIGH and follows after her. The Barracudas smile.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - GARDEN CITY MOVIE HOUSE - DAY

Spike stops Suzie.

SPIKE

Wait up, Suzie. What's the matter?

SUZIE

You got me figured wrong, Spike. I'm not going to sit downstairs while you play with the boys.

SPIKE

You gotta understand. I'm winning. I'm taking back every penny I ever lost.

SUZIE

Big deal. Some date this turned out to be.

Suzie starts to walk away.

SPIKE

(light)

Who said anything about a date?

SUZIE

(turning, angry)

You think you're so cute.

Suzie disappears down the stairs. Spike looks after her for a moment and then rejoins the game.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN CITY MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door bursts open as Suzie storms out of the theater. She stops for a moment and looks back. Should she go back in?

40.
CLOSE ON SUZIE

No. She's had it. She turns to find herself face to face with Hoax.

SUZIE AND HOAX

She is startled for a moment.

SUZIE
Gd, you scared me.

HOAX
(amazed)
I scared you?

SUZIE
(recognizing him)
You're Spike's cousin, right?

HOAX
(shy)
That's me. I'm Spike's cousin.

SUZIE
Do you have a name?

HOAX
Oh, yeah. Hoax, Hoax Wilmoth.

He extends his hand, but she passes him up and starts across the street, still holding the twenty dollar bill Spike gave her.

SUZIE
I don't want anything to do with Spike Johnson anymore.

HOAX
Where're you going?

SUZIE
(looks at bill)
I'm mad and when I get mad, I eat.

HOAX
(following)
Wait up!

CUT TO:

INT. DANTE'S DINER - NIGHT

Hoax and Suzie sit at a table, a deep dish pizza between them.

SUZIE
I just wish he'd pay more attention to me, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX

You've got to understand. He's
Spike, man, he's Spike.

SUZIE

Big deal. You're not Spike and at least
you have the courtesy to talk to me.

HOAX

(blushing)

You want me to put a quarter in
the jukebox?

Suzie nods and Hoax goes to the jukebox. He inserts a quarter
and hits P-6 three times. It's "Sympathy For The Devil",
Spike's favorite.

OVER SONG - INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING

1. Hoax struggling with very stringy cheese and Suzie
laughing with him.
2. Spike throws down a royal flush to beat three full houses.
3. Hoax in heaven as Suzie tells him some story while showing
him some of the PHOTOS she carries in her purse. She frowns
when she gets to one of her parents.

SUZIE

This was taken the summer before
my Dad left.

Hoax nods compassionately.

4. Marcus thinks he's won a hand, but Spike's four of a kind
beats his four of a kind. Spike opens another beer.
5. Hoax gives the punchline to a bad joke causing Suzie to
expel a little of the coke she's drinking.

HOAX

Because he saw the salad dressing.

6. Jukebox - the record finishes playing and then starts all
over again.
7. Spike pushes himself away from the table. He's won all
the money. He stands and shoves the money into his pockets.

SPIKE

Well, Gentlemen, I'd like to stay and
chat, but you know poker etiquette.

They grumble as he leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Spike moves down the alley to his bike. Red NEON LIGHTS from without the alley glisten off the brick walls. Rushing up behind Spike are Jeff, Rags and Airhead. They're not good losers. They corner Spike against a brick wall, but he's not about to let them get the upper hand.

Jeff gets a little too close and Spike decks him with a wicked left-right combo. Airhead reaches under his jacket and draws his Zip-Gun. Spike knocks it away and then floors Airhead with a tremendous round-house kick. As Airhead goes down gasping for breath, a SMALL OBJECT rolls out his jacket and near a trash bin.

Spike turns his attention to Rags who isn't as stupid as he looks. Rags hops on his skateboard and rolls away. Spike surveys his damage. He spots the Zip-Gun and goes over and picks it up. The small object catches the light and Spike notices it. He picks it up. It's a real HAND GRENADE - wartime issue, Airhead's pride and joy.

Spike looks at Airhead, shakes his head and pockets the Zip-Gun and the grenade.

SPIKE

You got a lot of problems,
Airhead. Ever think about
counseling?

He gets on his bike, kickstarts it and roars down the alley toward the street.

Spike drives right out into the street without stopping and turns right and o.s. There is a pause and then Spike zooms across screen, going the other way, followed closely by Sgt. Bell, his cherry lights spinning in mighty authority.

CUT TO:

INT. DANTE'S DINER - NIGHT

Suzie and Hoax are just finishing the pizza. Suzie smiles at Hoax and he smiles back. Suddenly, Suzie SCREAMS and backs out of the booth, horror stricken.

HOAX

What? What is it?

Suzie points to the wall where a small PIANO SPIDER is crawling down a strand of web.

SUZIE

A spider! Kill it, please.

Hoax looks at the spider calmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX

Oh, Suzie, it's only a Piano Spider.
Musicus Arachnid. It's harmless.

SUZIE

Kill it, Hoax! I hate spiders.

Hoax goes over and scoops the spider up in the palm of his hand. He cups his hands together to hold it.

HOAX

You should see the one I have at home. A Brown Recluse. Now that's a poisonous spider.

Hoax moves toward Suzie. He holds out his hands.

HOAX

Do you want to hold it?

SUZIE

Get rid of it!!

Hoax shrugs and goes to the door. He pushes it open with his shoulder and bends down.

HOAX

Good-bye, Piano Spider.

Hoax opens his hands and the spider drops to the ground. At that moment a BOOT comes INTO FRAME and CRUNCHES the poor spider. Hoax looks up to see:

That the boot is worn by Marcus. He and the Barracudas enter Dante's pushing Hoax back, nearly trampling him. Airhead and Jeff still haven't recovered fully, but maybe Hoax is just the therapy they need after a long night of losing.

MARCUS

Hoax buddy, what's up, Chuck?

HOAX

(taking a stand)

Listen you... you Barracudas. Why don't you leave us alone?

Rags grabs the last piece of pizza and wipes it across Hoax's face.

RAGS

Gee, Hoax, I'm sorry.

SUZIE

Leave him alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX

It's okay, Suzie. Let's pay the bill and get out of here.

Hoax starts for the counter, reaching in his jacket for his wallet at the same time.

Jeff sticks out his foot and trips Hoax who goes sprawling. As Hoax tries to break his fall, he not only pulls out his wallet, but also Suzie's EARRING at the same time. Suzie spots the earring. She looks at Hoax who shoves it back in his pocket.

SUZIE

(to Hoax)

I thought you were different.

AIRHEAD

He is. No question.

The Barracudas break into LAUGHTER. Hoax stares at the ground. Suzie pushes her way past Marcus and rushes outside.

MARCUS

Why don't you guys take care of Hoax.
I'll see what's wrong with Suzie-Q.

The Barracudas nod and turn their attention to Hoax. Marcus heads out after Suzie.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANTE'S DINER - NIGHT

Marcus catches up with Suzie.

MARCUS

Come on, Suzie. Chill out.

SUZIE

I hate all of you. You're a bunch of children.

MARCUS

I wish I could make it up to you.
I'm sorry. Really. What do you say?

SUZIE

I just want to go home.

MARCUS

Great. I'll give you a ride, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZIE
(reluctant)
Fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NO ROOM IN THE INN MOTEL - NIGHT

A classic seedy California Court Motel - a small, ten unit, two-story affair. A quiet hide-away, but not for long because Spike whips past followed closely by Sgt. Bell. They continue o.s. and as the noise fades away, the CAMERA MOVES IN on one of the upper story motel windows.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - THE NO ROOM IN THE INN MOTEL - NIGHT

A double bed, side dresser and table. The typical bad motel art, in this case a rendition on velvet of The Last Supper. The TV is on and Marty Palmer is talking on the phone to his Editor. He looks up at the fading sound of Spike's bike.

MARTY (into phone)
Yes that's what I'm saying, something might be going on here... I know that would be a first. That's why I want to stay one more day... If it's too much of a financial burden, I'll pay for it... Alright, see you tomorrow night.

Marty hangs up and begins flipping through the TV channels.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE - BEHIND DANTE'S DINER - NIGHT

Rags, Airhead and Jeff all step out to the street. They LAUGH as they head down the sidewalk and o.s.

There is a pause and then Hoax emerges. He is bruised and dirty, his clothing torn, his head down. He moves painfully. They have beaten him up.

Hoax looks up. There is humiliation in his eyes, but there's something else. Something is growing there, something dangerous.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Hoax is slumped almost to the floor of the booth with the phone held to his ear. His scooter is parked nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASTER (filtered)
Don't sit around and let life pass
you by. Where there's smoke,
there's fire burning high. I am the
truth, the others tell lies. Go
there now and hunt down your prize.

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING OIL REFINERY - NIGHT

Marcus and Suzie stand by his car, a RED '56 CHEVY BEL AIR. Not fully restored, the car is cool, but still echoes Marcus' lower income status. They are looking down at the refinery and beyond that the lights of Garden City. Suddenly, two FIREBALLS burst into the sky, the burn-off from the excess natural gas. Marcus moves in on Suzie. He pulls her close. She tries to push him back.

SUZIE

I thought you were going to take
me home.

MARCUS

(grabs his crotch)
Home is where the heart is.

Marcus moves in and begins to forcefully kiss Suzie.

SUZIE

No, Marcus... I don't want to.
I'm through with you.

MARCUS

Yeah, I bet if Spike were here
you'd let him in your pants.

Suzie breaks away.

SUZIE

You're crude, Marcus. I think you
should take me home.

He goes back for seconds.

MARCUS

When the cat's away...

Suzie slaps him as he feels her up. Marcus slaps her back.

MARCUS

Bitch. You wanna go home? Walk!

He gets into his car and speeds away, gravel spitting wildly
underneath his tires. Once again, Suzie has been left alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two more FIREBALLS rip upwards into the night. The sight sends a chill down Suzie's spine. She begins to walk down the hill away from the refinery. Into the settling dust from Marcus' car.

DIRT ROAD

Suzie comes down the hill to a dirt road with WOODS on either side. The night is dark and cool. Suzie rubs her arms to fight off the chill.

As she walks, there are occasional creaks and other unidentifiable sounds coming from the woods. Several times Suzie stops to listen. Each time she fights back her fear and continues, looking around anxiously as she goes.

Suzie takes off her high heels, which are giving her problems, and continues, her pace quickening. A WIND begins to blow through the trees. There almost seems to be a strange WHISPERING mixed into the sound of the wind. Suzie is getting really spooked. She breaks into a trot and then a run.

Suddenly, there is a light up ahead. Suzie stops and looks. It is a single headlight headed her way. Is it Spike? She sure hopes so. The headlight is coming closer.

SUZIE

Spike?

Nope. It's Hoax on his scooter. Suzie's disappointed, but it's certainly better than walking. Hoax looks different from the last time we saw him. He seems somehow invigorated.

HOAX

Hi.

SUZIE

(somewhat suspicious)

What are you doing up here? Are you following me?

HOAX

Need a ride home?

SUZIE

(looks around)

It sure looks that way.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER NIGHT

Hoax is roaring down the road like a madman. Hints of Spike in his maneuvers. Suzie's hanging on for dear life. Scooters aren't made to go this fast, are they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZIE
(over engine)
Slow down, Hoax!

He ignores her and speeds up. He pulls up behind a car and moves out into the oncoming traffic lane. With one jerk, he cuts off the other auto. It responds by honking. Hoax slaloms between cars.

INTERSECTION AND STOP LIGHT

Hoax screeches to a halt as the signal turns red. Suzie makes her move, having had quite enough of this roller coaster ride. She jumps off the back of the scooter.

SUZIE
Are you crazy?! You're worse than
Spike. I'll walk from here.

Suzie turns to go and Hoax grabs her by the wrist.

SUZIE
Let go!

HOAX
You're coming home with me.

SUZIE
Get away, Creep.

Hoax lets go of her wrist and she stumbles back off balance. A CAR coming the other way comes very close to hitting her.

Shaken, Suzie continues across the street toward a row of houses. Hoax looks on, not particularly pleased.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Phone to his ear, Hoax is getting another message.

MASTER (filtered)
A circle of salt and a star within,
adding one insect will punish her sin.
The juice of my weed will implant my
seed and make you one of my kin.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUSIE'S HOUSE - ANOTHER PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

A neighborhood we haven't seen before. This is Suzie's Mom's house. A small Spanish-style bungalow, also on the wrong side of the tracks. Even poorer than Spike's neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SUZIE'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Suzie enters. It's been a long, long day. She opens the freezer section of the refrigerator and pulls out a frozen fish stick TV DINNER. She pops it into the gas oven and sets a timer. She leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Things are getting weird. Hoax has moved the bed and furniture to the side. He is pouring SALT onto the floor in the shape of an encircled PENTAGRAM. He goes to his desk, picks up the spider's cage and sets it down in the center of the pentagram. Hoax then takes a STALK of devil's weed from a clump he has nearby.

With greater strength than it seems he should have, Hoax crushes it in his hand and lets the juice drip down into the cage. The Spider instantly begins to scurry around the cage in a frenzy. Hoax drops the pulpy remains of the stalk to the floor. He wipes his hands and itches at his palms.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SUZIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The timer RINGS. A pause. Suzie enters and pulls the fishsticks out of the microwave with a potholder. She sets it down on the table and pulls a corner of the foil loose. Steam rises up. Suzie goes to the fridge.

CLOSE ON TV DINNER

A hairy insect leg, then another, reach out from beneath the foil. Then they disappear back inside.

SUZIE

She takes a can of Coke and a bottle of catsup from the fridge and returns to the table. She sits down, already for some delicious fishsticks.

CLOSE IN ON HER FINGERS

As they toy with the foil covering the tray, heightening the moment. We see the tiny legs again.

SUZIE

Not really looking, she pulls back the foil and a whole swarm of BROWN RECLUSE SPIDERS spill out over the tray. So many, in fact, that the tray couldn't even begin to hold them all, unless, of course, supernatural forces were at work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suzie recoils in terror, backing out of her chair as the spiders rush down the table legs to the floor. Panicked, Suzie goes to the cabinet under the sink. She reaches in and pulls out a can of BUG SPRAY, but her arm comes out with a shit load of Recluse Spiders clinging to it.

As Suzie desperately tries to shake them off, more pour out of the cabinet, come up through the sink drain, crawl up her legs, etc. Suzie SCREAMS as they begin biting her.

Suzie drops to the floor, overturning the kitchen table, and the Spiders swarm all over her. They seem to be coming from everywhere and from nowhere.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hoax's Spider is in the center of the pentagram. As if in a trance, the Spider sits with its front legs raised and swaying in the air. We hear the sound of a phone left off the hook too long.

Hoax raises his hand over his head. His palm is now red and rashy. A pause. Almost against his will, Hoax brings his hand down on the spider with a SPLAT. Hoax brings his hand up, running it through his hair. Spider JUICE smears across his forehead.

The CAMERA PANS slowly away from Hoax to the telephone receiver which hangs from the desk. The sound diminishes and then is replaced by another. Low, almost hidden, we hear the sound of demonic WHISPERS.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SUZIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE/BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Suzie is mercifully dead, sprawled out on the floor next to the overturned table. The spiders don't know the difference. They continue to swarm and bite. There are hundreds of them. The CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW SPIRALING DESCENT and we;

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE - TOILET BOWL

Hoax drops his spider into the toilet and flushes it. It SPIRALS down. In a moment of mute reverence, Hoax pays his final respects to his old friend. He watches as it swirls away down the bowl. Hoax itches at his irritated palms.

CUT TO:

EXT. 24 HOUR GAS STATION - GARDEN CITY - NIGHT

An 1950's style gas station with old fashioned glass bubble pump. Spike is at one where he is just finishing filling his tank. As he returns the nozzle, we hear the sound of SIRENS. Sgt. Bell's patrol car whips past the gas station followed closely by an AMBULANCE. They continue o.s.

Spike watches for a moment and then decides to check things out. He hops on his bike and takes off in the same direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUZIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO PARAMEDICS wheel a gurney, bearing the covered corpse, out of the house. They stop by Sgt. Bell. ell lifts the sheet and takes a look. It's almost enough to make a hardened veteran like himself ill. He drops the sheet back down.

BELL

What the hell happened?

PARAMEDIC #1

Look like some sort of bites to me.

BELL

Whatever it was, there must be a thousand of them inside.

PARAMEDIC #1

No. The house is clean. Whatever it was is gone.

NEW ANGLE

In b.g. we see the POLICE leading Suzie's distraught MOTHER away while half the NEIGHBORHOOD watches. We also see Spike arrive and get off his bike and head over in Bell's direction.

The CORONER joins Bell and the Paramedics. Spike hangs back a little, close enough to hear, but not too obvious.

BELL

(to Coroner)

What do you make of this, Bill?

CORONER

Damned if I know. Looks like some sort of insect bites.

At that moment, one of Suzie's arms slips over the edge of the gurney. A RECLUSE SPIDER drops off her arm. The arm is covered with blotchy red bites. The Spider scurries along the ground.

Paramedic #2 picks a stick up off the ground and impales it. Its legs writhe as everyone moves in for a closer look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORONER

(surprised)

I haven't seen one of these since I lived in Kansas. That's a Recluse Spider. He's a long way from home.

Spike cocks his head to the side. A Recluse Spider? Only person he knows that has one is Hoax.

BELL

Let's wrap this up as quick as possible. I don't want the whole neighborhood to start panicking.

Bell moves over to Spike.

BELL

You know all the kids around town, Spike. Any idea who Suzie was with tonight?

SPIKE

(lies)

No.

BELL

If you hear anything, let me know. Now get out of here.

Spike goes over to his bike and mounts up. He watches as Suzie is shoved into the back of a HEARSE.

REVERSE ANGLE - INSIDE HEARSE LOOKING OUT

The doors close leaving us in blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - INSIDE CLOSET - NIGHT

BLACKNESS until the closet doors open revealing Hoax in the process of stashing his spider cage. Behind him, the door to his room opens up and Aunt Lucy rudely walks in.

HOAX'S ROOM

Hoax slams the closet door and spins around.

AUNT LUCY

Have you got any idea what time it is!? Why ain't you in bed yet?

HOAX

Why didn't you knock before entering?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aunt Lucy is slightly shocked by his boldness, but she has something more important on her mind.

AUNT LUCY

Don't get testy with me, boy. You see this?

(holds up envelope)

I just opened the phone bill and guess what?

Hoax's bravado is deflated.

AUNT LUCY

There's 80 dollars worth of calls to one number. 9-7-6-LUST. I called it and I've never been so shocked in all my life. A sick man wanted me and my private parts to join him and a German Shepard. This is degradation of your soul. This is Satan's work. Listening to filthy sick sex talk at your age. What do you have to say for yourself?

HOAX

I... I

O.s. we hear Spike's bike pull up outside and stop.

HOAX

(lies)

It was Spike. He called. Not me. Spike did it. I swear.

AUNT LUCY

Don't give me that. He's got his own phone. Though I'm sure you probably learnt it from that evil sinning Pagan. Anyhow, it's gonna stop. Now!

Aunt Lucy steps forward and with one swift yank, she rips the phone cord right out of the wall. From the expression on Hoax's face, she just signed her own death certificate.

AUNT LUCY

Git to bed, Boy!

She leaves the room taking the phone and slamming the door behind her. Hoax stares at the door.

HOAX

You shouldn't have done that, Mamma. You shouldn't have done that.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Spike drops his keys on the table top. He takes off his jacket and pulls out the grenade. He shakes his head in disbelief and places it in the bottom drawer of his dresser. He removes the Zip-Gun from between his belt and backside and shoves it under his mattress.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting at his desk, bathed in darkness, Hoax watches Spike's room. He is rubbing his fingers. After a moment, the light goes off in Spike's room. Hoax drops his head down on his desk. He stares ahead blankly.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy stands on a step-ladder by the refrigerator. She wraps the cord around Hoax's phone and puts it into the cabinet over the fridge. She steps down, puts away the ladder, and leaves the room turning off the light behind her. Several seconds go by and then we hear the muffled, but unmistakable sound of Hoax's phone ringing inside the closet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN CITY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Another day is starting. Marty pulls up and gets out of his rented and dented Chevette. He moves toward the administration building and o.s. TWO GIRLS, both 17, walk INTO FRAME going the other way.

GIRL ONE

Did you hear about Suzie? They think it was a drug overdose.

GIRL TWO

Really? I heard she slit her wrists.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Like a kid who's done something wrong, Marty sits in a chair outside a door which reads, Principal. The door opens and Angella steps out. Marty stands.

ANGELLA

I'm Angella Martinez. You wanted to see me?

Marty flips open a wallet with a fake ID and BADGE. He puts them away before Angella has a chance to get a good look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELLA

My name is Marty Palmer. I'd like
to speak with one of your students.

Off to the side, near some filing cabinets, Hoax walks INTO
FRAME carrying a stack of files. Marty doesn't notice him.

ANGELLA

Which one?

MARTY

Leonard Johnson. The kids call
him Spike.

At the mention of Spike's name, Hoax takes an interest in the
conversation.

ANGELLA

Is he in some kind of trouble?

MARTY

He might be.

Hoax tries to stay inconspicuous and succeeds as Marty and
Angella enter her office. Hoax shoves the files to the side
and takes off down the corridor.

TWO SENIOR GIRLS pass by Angella's office going the other way.

SENIOR GIRL #1

So this guy raped her and she got
pregnant?

SENIOR GIRL #2

(nodding)

And while she was high she got so
depressed that she killed herself.

SENIOR GIRL #1

Poor Suzie.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELLA MARTINEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Angella is at her desk. Marty sits across from her. There
seems to be some mutual attraction here, but this isn't the
best place or time to act on it.

ANGELLA

Before I tell you where Spike is,
I think you should tell me who you
really are.

MARTY

I told you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELLA

Listen, Mr. Palmer, I've seen enough fake I.D.s to make me an expert. Yours is the worst.

They LAUGH. Marty has been caught.

MARTY

I admit it. I planned this entire scheme just so I could meet you. I risked it all. I mean I haven't been to the principal's office in twenty-five years.

ANGELLA

Contrary to popular opinion, this is a place of business. If you have none here, I suggest you leave. I'm very busy, Mr. Palmer.

MARTY

Fair enough. Maybe I should enroll. Then my business would be your business.

ANGELLA

Do you always throw your charm around like a shot put?

In a strange way, Angella and Marty are hitting it off nicely.

MARTY

Wanna see my muscles? Let's say you tell me where Spike is and I take you to dinner.

ANGELLA

Let's say that first you tell me what this is all about?

MARTY

(bargaining)

Let's say I tell you what this is about, you tell me where Spike is, I take you to dinner, and we live happily ever after?

Angella rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOY'S ROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

TWO BOYS, both 17, step out to the hallway.

BOY #1

Suicide!? I heard a pack of wild
dogs ate her.

BOY #2

(amazed)

No way, Dude. Really?

As they start down the hallway, Hoax rushes by headed the
other way.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - GARDEN CITY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Gym class is in progress. MR. SELBY, the school's gym teacher
and hard liner, is standing by the BLEACHERS hovering over
Spike while basketball instruction is in progress. Everyone in
class is dressed for gym, but Spike refuses and always has.
Spike lights up a cigarette while Selby yells at him.

SELBY

You're blowing any chances you have
of graduating by disobeying
my orders. Go get dressed!
And get rid of that cigarette!

SPIKE

You're a real heartbreak, Selby.
Now, get off my case.

Spike flicks his cigarette. It bounces off one of Selby's
shoes. Selby squirms.

SELBY

I hope you didn't do that on purpose.

SPIKE

What do you think?

A pause and then Selby picks up the cigarette, throws it in a
garbage can and walks away. Spike has gotten the best of him
before and he's not giving him any more chances.

An anxious Hoax enters the gym and hurries over to Spike.

HOAX

Spike, Spike, I'm glad I found you.

SPIKE

You're cutting class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX

That guy from the magazine is looking for you. I heard him talking to Miss Martinez.

SPIKE

About what?

HOAX

I don't know. You want me to take care of him for you?

SPIKE

(slight laugh)
No, no, Hoax. I can handle my own problems.

HOAX

Yeah, like you handled Suzie last night?

SPIKE

Your mouth's running, Hoax. Time to get lost.

HOAX

(indignant)
You don't think I can do it. You think I'm some kind of whimp, don't you?

SPIKE

Hoax...

HOAX

Well, I'll take care of him just like the way I did your chick.

SPIKE

(eyes narrowing)
What are you yalking about, Hoax?

HOAX

Now you want to listen. Now you have time for me, don't you?

Spike grabs Hoax by the collar and hauls him toward the Boy's Locker Room. Selby watches with interest from across the gym. Will he interfere?

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM

The doors burst open and Spike enters half-pushing, half-lifting Hoax in front of him. Spike slams Hoax up against a locker. Steam from the boy's shower billows out b.g.

SPIKE
No more bullshit, Hoax. You start talking and don't stop until you've told me everything.

HOAX
(matter of fact)
I killed her.

SPIKE
What?

HOAX
(proud of himself)
I killed her. I used my spider.

Spiders. It begins to click in. Spike jams Hoax up hard against the lockers.

SPIKE
What did you do, you stupid kid?

Hoax brings the Horrorscope Card up between them.

HOAX
I called this number, Spike. He told me what to do.

Spike realizes that Hoax is telling some sort of truth. He tries to think.

HOAX
I did it for you, Spike. She was messin' up your reputation. She was out with Marcus. She was a dirty Jezebel whore and I took care of her.

SPIKE
NO!

Spike throws Hoax down to the floor. The Card drops down. Spike picks it up and rips it into several PIECES. Hoax scrambles back on the floor as Spike advances.

Over a row of lockers, behind and unnoticed by them, we see the door from the gym open and close, but we don't see who enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX

You think you're cool because you're stronger, because you're bigger. Go ahead, hit me. But just you wait. It's gonna be different from now on. Someday you'll be down here and I'm gonna spit on you.

SPIKE

When hell freezes over.

Spike moves in for the kill and then stops. He looks Hoax over. He has no idea how to handle this situation. Hoax could be involved, but who would believe this story.

SPIKE

You're full of shit. Get out of here.

Hoax scrambles away and Spike, after a quiet moment, wanders o.s. in the opposite direction.

The CAMERA PANS down to the floor where the torn-up Horror-scope card lies. The toe of a shiny BLACK SHOE steps INTO FRAME. Next, a HAND reaches down and picks up the pieces. As the hand is raised, the CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Marty.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - IN FRONT OF AUTO PARTS STORE - DAY

Marty enters the booth and reads the number off the reconstructed card. It's been taped back together, a little dirty, but still worthy. Marty deposits two dollars in change and dials. He gets a telephone company recording.

RECORDING

The number you have dialed is out of order or no longer in service. If you think you have reached this number in error --

Marty hangs up the phone. Anything would have been better than that. He dials the Operator.

MARTY

Yeah, can you get me the business address for a 9-7-6 number?

CUT TO:

EXT. AFTER DARK ENTERPRISES TELEPHONE COMPANY - DAY

An eccentric old stucco house, long abandoned by any families and now converted into this business. Most of the windows have been haphazardly boarded over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Several thick telephone CABLES run from a pole to the roof and down to THREE TELEPHONE BOXES on the building's side.

Marty's Chevette pulls up. He gets out and enters the building.

CUT TO:

INT. AFTER DARK ENTERPRISES TELEPHONE COMPANY - DAY

Obviously, the outside is a decoy because the inside looks remodeled for business. Though not elaborate, it's functional. Marty passes through a brightly lit corridor with several small rooms on either side. In each room is a different OPERATOR, each on a different line. As Marty passes, we are able to identify each 976 specialty.

OPERATOR #1

...and Boston defeats the Angels
8 to 1 to go on to the World Series.
In the NHL...

Another door, another call.

FEMALE OPERATOR

I'm a seventeen year old nymphette
with desires that most men can't
handle. I've been waiting here, naked,
in the confessional. You lift your robe
and press in close to my young hot, virginal
body.

The Operator, 65, is as ugly as matted hair on a dog's behind.

SANTA CLAUS

Ho, ho, ho... and have you been a
good little girl today?

Santa takes a swig out of a bottle.

As Marty reaches the end of the corridor, an older GENTLEMAN approaches him. This is MARK DARK. He's the head of the Darkside Company, but he doesn't always admit it in order to avoid certain special interest groups. He's 48, grossly out of shape and always a little sweaty.

DARK

(pleasant)

May I help you?

MARTY

Yes. I'm looking for a Mark Dark.

DARK

Are you from the telephone standards
and practices board?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY
No. I'm a reporter.

DARK
In that case, I'm Mark Dark.

They shake hands.

DARK
I love the press. Free advertising and you know.

MARTY
Pretty smooth set up you have here.

DARK
You like it? Well, of course you would. We're sort of in the same business.

MARTY
How do you figure?

DARK
You tell people what you want them to hear and people hear what I want to tell. Follow me.

Marty likes Dark. He's an original. They move to a back office.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK DARK'S OFFICE - DAY

A hole in the wall with minimal furnishings - a desk, chairs and a leaking water cooler. There's a puddle in the middle of the floor where Marty has pulled up an old wicker chair. Dark sits on the other side of a cluttered desk that includes a PHONE and EIGHT TAPE RECORDERS.

DARK
Now what is it exactly that I can do for you, Mr. Palmer?

MARTY
Well, I wanted to --

The phone RINGS. Dark gestures to Marty to be quiet. He turns on one of the tape recorders. It begins to play OFFICE NOISES, typing, chatter, other phones, etc. Dark answers his call on a conference line.

DARK
(answering)
After Dark. May I help you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGRY VOICE (filtered)
Let me speak to that bastard
Mark Dark.

Marty smiles. So does Dark.

DARK
Dark junior or senior?

ANGRY VOICE
I don't give a damn. I want which-
ever somebitch forgot to pay his
plumbing bill.

Dark drops his finger on another tape recorder.

TAPE RECORDER
Hey, Mr. Dark, we have an emergency!

Marty smiles again. Real class, this Dark guy.

DARK
I'm sorry. I have to put you on hold.

ANGRY VOICE
Dark? You somebitch --

Dark hangs up triumphantly.

DARK
Sorry about that, Marty. Now what
was it you wanted?

CUT TO:

INT. THE HORRORSCOPE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

A dark (what else) room. The door opens and Dark and Marty step inside. Dark flicks on a light. We see a table with a telephone answering MACHINE on it. It is about the size of a small copying machine and can handle many calls at once.

DARK
There it is. No big deal. I had to
shut it off. It was using up more
money in electricity than it was
making in calls. Simple economics.

MARTY
When did you shut it off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARK

Oh, let's see... A couple of months ago.
 (picks up end of unplugged cord)
 Should have done it sooner. I guess
 no one wants to talk to the underworld
 anymore. Just Ewoks and Santa and
 beauty queen babes. What's going on
 in the U.S. today? A guy can't make
 a buck anymore.

Dark drops the cord and he and Marty leave the room. As the
 door closes, the CAMERA MOVES IN on the phone machine, ominous.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - EDWARD HOPPER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's frog dissection day. Trays out, dead frogs spread and
 pinned. STUDENTS pouring over them. Girls GIGGLE. Guys
 tease them. A general sense of levity. The teacher, MR.
 MICHAELS, paces past the desks observing. He holds an ASTHMA
 INHALER.

Hoax sits at his desk wearing rubber gloves for hygiene.
 Bothered, he peels off one of the gloves. His hands are
 irritated, chapped and bloody in spots where the skin has
 cracked. His fingernails are blackened.

HOAX

(a little green)

Mr. Michaels, may I be excused?

Mr. Michaels wanders to Hoax's side.

MICHAELS

What is it, Mr. Wilmoth, feeling a
 little green around the gills? Ha ha.

(sucks on his inhaler)

Just a frog joke. Yes, you can, but
 take the hall pass. And hurry back.
 We're cutting the gonads next.

Hoax gets up, replaces the glove and leaves in a hurry.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S ROOM - EDWARD HOPPER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Hoax stands in front of a sink and mirror. A few stray hairs
 are growing abnormally down his forehead. He fingers them
 curiously. He splashes water on his face and then takes off
 the gloves to re-examine his hands.

ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOOR

It opens. Airhead steps in. Rags skates.

RAGS
Got some crank. Let's snort it
before Home-Ec.

Rounding a corner, they spot Hoax. They move in coming up from behind.

ON HOAX

He sees them in the mirror. Of all times for this to happen. Not now! Hoax turns to face them, keeping his hands BELOW FRAME. Sweat beads on Hoax's forehead. It's light red - almost as though blood were mixed in.

AIRHEAD
Look Rags. It's shrivel dick.

RAGS
Do we owe him one?

AIRHEAD
I don't know. I always lose
track. Do we owe you one, Hoax?

They push him around, backing him into a corner.

RAGS
Huh? Do we, Hoax?

HOAX
Come on, guys. Cut it out. Please.

AIRHEAD
What are you gonna do, call your
cousin?

They're slapping at his head, face and neck. Real pain in the asses. Rags picks up his board and pokes Hoax with it.

HOAX
I'm warning you. Cut it out!

As the hassle continues, the CAMERA PANS DOWN to Hoax's right HAND. It's trembling and clenching in and out of a fist. Suddenly, as the hand opens once more, WE SEE each finger SPROUT a one inch, wicked looking, black animal CLAW. Sharp and dangerous.

QUICK CUT BACK TO HOAX, RAGS AND AIRHEAD

Airhead swipes at Hoax again, this time sharp and smart across the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With incredible speed and accuracy we didn't know he had, Hoax returns a slap that slashes Airhead across his face. The claws dig into flesh and for an instant, Airhead's head snaps back.

The gash doesn't draw blood instantly, but as Airhead's face scrunches in anger, the blood begins to flow in rivers. His fury turns to pain as he's totally caught off guard.

AIRHEAD

Son of a bitch!

RAGS

What the fuck! He cut you, man.

Hoax pushes Airhead aside and swings at Rags. Rags shields himself with his skateboard. It is nearly split in two. Rags drops it and dashes out of the bathroom. Hoax turns back to Airhead, who's bent over the sink, bleeding profusely.

HOAX

Never touch me again. Pass it on.

Hoax leaves. Airhead begins to cry as he tries to stem the flow of blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Spike pulls up to the garage on his bike. He starts up the stairs and then stops. He looks toward Hoax's room, decides something, and then starts back down the steps.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - SAME

Spike enters. It's quiet and the curtain drifts back in the breeze. Spike moves to the desk and checks through the drawers. The same with Hoax's dresser and bedchest. Nothing. Spike kneels down and looks under the bed.

SHOCK CUT

Spike jumps back as a CAT HISSES and claws out at him from under the bed.

SPIKE

Fucking cats.

Spike goes over and opens the closet. Nothing out of the ordinary here, just clothes on shelves and hanging G.I. Joes. But then Spike catches a glimpse of the Spider Cage resting on top of a shelf. He reaches up and pulls it down. It's empty. The Spider is gone. Spike puts it back and heads out of the room. Nothing here, really, except a missing spider.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GARAGE - AFTERNOON

As Spike heads up the stairs to his room, his phone starts RINGING o.s. In no hurry, Spike enters his room.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM

Spike reaches his phone and picks it up.

SPIKE

Hello?

(no answer)

Hello?

MASTER (filtered)

What did you think you'd find, Spike?

Spike slams the phone down. Suddenly feeling like he's being watched, Spike spins to look out his window.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW - SPIKE'S POV

Hoax is standing by his own window, looking back in Spike's direction. A scary, yet serene look on his face. Hoax slowly pulls down his own shade.

BACK ON SPIKE

Spike sits on his bed. What can he do? He's never felt so powerless before in his life.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOVIE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Marcus comes down the fire escape into the alley, carrying a large trash bag. He throws it into a large trash bin just as Rags, Airhead and Jeff come INTO FRAME from down the alley. The left side of Airhead's face is heavily padded in gauze and surgical tape.

MARCUS

What's up, guys?

RAGS

He's a dead man, Marcus.

AIRHEAD

I'm going to blow him away.

MARCUS

Wait, wait, tell me what's going on.

JEFF

Hoax. He used some kind of razor.
He cut Airhead real bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIRHEAD

He's dead, Marcus. I don't care how, he's just dead. I've got twenty-nine stitches in my face!

MARCUS

Take it easy, Airhead. We'll figure a way. Come on.

They start up the fire escape.

CUT TO:

INT. DANTE'S DINER - EARLY EVENING

Angella sits in a booth in the dim light of the rear of the diner. Several ground out cigarettes fill an ash tray, indicating she's been here awhile. She stubbs out another. The Waitress goes over and stops in front of her.

WAITRESS

You want to order now, Honey?

Angella looks at her watch.

ANGELLA

No, I guess I should wait a few more minutes.

WAITRESS

I hope he's worth it.

ANGELLA

That's what I came to find out, but...

The Waitress pats Angella's shoulder sympathetically and moves on. As Angella stares ahead, Marty moves INTO FRAME carrying two coke BOTTLES with CANDLES stuck in them and a bottle of WINE. He places them on the table in front of her. Angella wants to be angry, but the candles make her smile.

ANGELLA

I was beginning to lose faith in you.

MARTY

Don't ever do that.

ANGELLA

(motions to candles)

Nice touch.

MARTY

(popping cork)

A little romance cures a lot of tardiness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELLA

Did you find out what you wanted to know?

MARTY

That's at least a three course answer.

ANGELLA

Then let's order.

Marty lights the candles as the CAMERA pulls in on the flames.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANTE'S DINER - ONE HOUR LATER

The candles have burned down halfway and the wine bottle is empty. Marty and Angella are pushing away their empty plates and beginning coffee.

ANGELLA

Raining fish? Where do you get this stuff from?

MARTY

Most of the things I write about seem unbelievable.

(laughs)

I mean, half of it I make up, but there's actually some historical precedent for this. The first fishfall was documented in the 1600's. There have been at least fifty incidents since. The last time was in Louisiana in 1975. Twenty people witnessed it.

(another laugh)

Some say it's a warning from God. Spike's Aunt thinks He was trying to tell her something.

ANGELLA

Oh, come on, Marty.

MARTY

I'm serious.

ANGELLA

Now I'm no atheist or anything, in fact, I survived twelve years of Catholic school, but miracles?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

I didn't say anything about miracles. I said a warning.

ANGELLA

Warning? For what? I don't understand.

MARTY

Neither do I. that's what I'm trying to figure out. I keep expecting Rod Serling to pop up somewhere and fill me in.

Marty waits for Angella to laugh at his joke, but she's not listening. She's lost in thought for a moment.

MARTY

What is it?

ANGELLA

It's strange Marty. But I guess it's no stranger than what happened to Suzie Walker last night.

MARTY

Who?

ANGELLA

One of my students. She was killed. You didn't hear about it?

Marty leans in with interest.

MARTY

You better tell me the whole story.

ANGELLA

Do you think the two incidents are related?

MARTY

I think we're going to need more coffee. Waitress!

ANGLE ON WAITRESS

She blows her bangs back, exasperated.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DANTE'S DINER - NIGHT

Marty and Angella head toward their cars, the classic Mustang and the classless Chevette. They're parked side by side. Judging by their cars, opposites attract.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELLA

So what are you going to do?

MARTY

I have to go back tomorrow.
There's not enough to keep me
here. I've run out of money and I
really have nothing solid to go on.

ANGELLA

So you just leave everything
hanging?

MARTY

Almost everything.

Marty stops, takes Angella in his arms, kisses her, long and romantic. It leaves Angella a little breathless.

MARTY

See how easy that was?

ANGELLA

I like you, Marty. A lot. But
you're leaving tomorrow and I'm
not a one night stand.

MARTY

What the heck. Neither am I.

Angella pulls away and goes to her car.

ANGELLA

I'm sorry. Have a good trip back.

Angella gets in her car and drives away, leaving a depressed Marty watching her go.

MARTY

(softly)

Bye.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NO ROOM IN THE INN MOTEL - NIGHT

Marty's car is parked out front alone.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - THE NO ROOM IN THE INN MOTEL - NIGHT

Marty sits on the edge of the bed. He sets his travel alarm for 6 AM and places it on the side table. Marty stands and removes his shirt. He's getting ready for bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marty reaches into his pockets and pulls out his KEYS, WALLET, and the HORRORSCOPE CARD. He opens the side table drawer and places the items inside.

ANGLE ON DRAWER

The keys and wallet land next to a GIDEON BIBLE. The Horror-scope Card lands right on top of the Bible.

BACK ON MARTY

He starts to unbuckle his belt, when the telephone catches his attention. He stares at it a moment, deciding something.

Marty picks up the phone and dials a number. His back is to the bed. Two RINGS later...

ANGELLA'S VOICE

Hello.

MARTY'S VOICE

Angella, it's Marty.

INT. BEDROOM - ANGELLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angella is in bed looking quite sexy. She has been reading The Devils by Aldous Huxley.

ANGELLA

Hi, Marty. What is it?

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

MARTY

Listen, I wanted to apologize for coming on so strong. I didn't mean to make it cheap. It's just that I was supposed to be back tomorrow and --

ANGELLA

Forget about it. It's okay.

MARTY

Behind him, ORANGISH SMOKE begins to pour out of the side table's drawer.

MARTY

What I called for was to find out if you're free tomorrow. If you are, I think I might stay another day. We could go to the movies.

Marty smells the smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELLA'S VOICE

Well, I'm flattered. Are you sure
it's alright?

Marty turns and sees the drawer. He drops the phone and yanks open the drawer.

ANGLE INSIDE DRAWER

It's horrific! The Bible and Horrorscope Card are co-mingling in an acid bath of smoke, foam and goo. Definately something quite beyond normality. The Card is passing right through the pages, but which is melting which?

BACK TO MARTY

MARTY

Jesus...

Marty goes over and picks up the phone.

MARTY

Angella, something incredible just happened. Meet me at the After Dark Phone Company. 165 Webber Road.

ANGELLA'S VOICE

What's going on? What happ --

Marty hangs up, grabs his shirt and keys, and hurries out.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Aunt Lucy has opened enough cans to feed all her cats. She's spooning the food into the last of twenty cat dishes, all in a row at her feet. Before the cats eat, Aunt Lucy holds a prayer. The cats are poised and MEOWING for their meal. She 'SHUSHES' them.

AUNT LUCY

(praying)

For what we are about to receive,
may the Lord make us truely thank-
ful. Amen. You may now eat.

The cats, used to the classical conditioning ritual, eat.

As Aunt Lucy sits down to eat her own meal, Hoax enters. His hands are still covered by the gloves, but we can see the hideous nails as they strain to pop through the rubber.

AUNT LUCY

Sit down and have some dinner, Hoax.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hoax doesn't answer. Standing on a chair, he reaches into the cabinet above the refrigerator and pulls down his telephone. Funny, but Hoax's clothes appear to be a size too small. Are they shrinking or is he growing? Aunt Lucy watches in disbelief as Hoax walks out of the room with the phone.

AUNT LUCY

Hoax? Hoax! You bring that phone back here right now. Hoax!

She stands and follows, her patience wearing thin.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM AND STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Hoax starts up the stairs as Aunt Lucy follows. The cats pour out of the kitchen after her. Lucy reaches the landing of the stairwell as Hoax reaches the mid step.

AUNT LUCY

Hoax Arthur Wilmoth! I gave you an order. Put that phone back!

Hoax spins around, something just short of venom reflected in his eyes.

HOAX

If you value your life, I suggest you leave me alone.

Hoax climbs the rest of the stairs and Lucy is left behind completely shocked. She's never seen or heard Hoax act like this. Picking up a cat, she turns and walks slowly back toward the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hoax's door opens and he walks in. As he reaches the center of the room, the door closes behind him without human aid. Seemingly indifferent to this fact, Hoax moves to his desk and plugs his phone in.

Over his shoulder and through the window, we can see a CIGARETTE CHERRY glowing in the darkness of Spike's room. He's watching Hoax.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFTER DARK ENTERPRISES TELEPHONE COMPANY - NIGHT

No one around except Marty moving to the front door. He slips a credit card into the lock and is in the building in a flash.

CUT TO:

INT. AFTER DARK ENTERPRISES TELEPHONE COMPANY - NIGHT

No Operators here, but each machine has been set to automatic pick-up and has a pre-recorded message. Marty heads down the corridor. He stops at the locked door to the Horrorscope booth.

CUT TO:

INT. HORRORSCOPE BOOTH - NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA DOLLY

The lights are on and the same strange WHISPERS heard earlier are echoing through the room.

We hear the sound of Marty's card fishing to find the door's bolt. He succeeds and just before the door opens, the lights shut off and the whispers stop. Marty enters unaware and switches on the lights. It's the same as when he last saw it.

Marty moves to the phone machine and picks it up. Nothing strange about it.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

HOAX'S ROOM

Hoax's gloved hand picks up his phone and begins dialing 976-EVIL.

HORRORSCOPE BOOTH

The unplugged phone machine begins to RING while Marty is holding it. He's so surprised that he drops it. Another RING.

SPIKE'S ROOM

Spike watches Hoax with interest. He sees that he's on the phone. Spike picks up his own phone and dials 976-EVIL. He gets an exceptionally loud BUSY SIGNAL.

HOAX'S ROOM

Hoax holds the receiver to his ear. The Master's voice resonates, no recording this time.

MASTER (filtered)
Do you want the power now?

HOAX
Yes.

MASTER (filtered)
Are you ready?

HORRORSCOPE BOOTH

Marty listens intently to the answering machine. (Note - Marty doesn't hear the Master's voice, only Hoax's responses.)

HOAX'S VOICE

I 'm ready.
 (pause) /
 Everyone?
 (pause) /
 When? "t
 (pause)
 I understand.

HOAX'S ROOM

Hoax holds the receiver.

MASTER (filtered)

An ace in the hole for the price
 of your soul.

Hoax trembles with evil intensity as a power transference takes place. His eyes roll back white in his head. The phone begins to smoke and melt in his hand. Then the eyes roll back down, but they're not Hoax's. They are reptillian-like black slits set in emerald irises.

SPIKE'S ROOM

Spike is still watching, but Hoax's back is to the window. From his angle, all Spike can see is the smoke.

HORRORSCOPE OFFICE

Marty is prying off the back of the machine with his car key. He finally manages to rip it off.

ANGLE ON ANSWERING MACHINE

Inside, all the wires and circuits are melted and fused. There is some sort of maroon colored fungus covering most of the circuitry. There are also small root-like tendrils weaving between the wires. Some have fused with the casings of the wires.

BACK ON MARTY

Marty throws the machine down and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - AFTER DARK ENTERPRISES - NIGHT

Marty walks out of the booth and starts down the corridor. Just as he passes a wall PHONE, it rings irregularly. Marty stops. Slowly, he reaches out and answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY
(hesitant)
Hello?

MASTER (filtered)
You're too late.

Suddenly, Marty is shocked by a bolt of electricity emanating from the telephone receiver. He is thrown against the opposite wall. The phone dangles and we hear the thousand mournful souls we've become familiar with.

A long pause. Marty finally stands and stumbles weakly down the corridor more or less on instinct.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AFTER DARK TELEPHONE COMPANY - NIGHT

Angella's car pulls in fast and SKREECHES to a stop beside Marty's. She gets out and is almost to the front door when Marty stumbles out. He collapses to the ground illuminated by the Mustang's headlights.

ANGELLA
Marty!

Angella rushes over to him. Marty uses her to pull himself up.

MARTY
Let's get the hell out of here.

With Angella propping him up, they move o.s. toward the parking lot. The CAMERA holds on the Darkside building. We see the three phone boxes built on the side. They are also illuminated by the headlights. The CAMERA moves in slowly on on BOX #2. Something appears to be wrapped around it. As the CAMERA continues in, the 'something' becomes recognizable. Devil's Weed. It has grown up from the ground, through the parking lot cement, to the box. In fact, some of the smaller roots have also entered into these wire casings.

We hear the sound of Angie's car backing up and the headlights sweep off the building leaving it in darkness. Three small bursts of electricity flash indicating that the roots and wires are alive.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy, in a quandry, watches a TV program, but her thoughts are elsewhere. She strokes one of her cats as Hoax moves down the stairs behind her. He wears SUNGLASSES which cover his lizard-like eyes. Without a sound, he moves outside. She looks after him once he's left.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoax crosses to his scooter and gets on it. Before he starts it up, Spike moves INTO FRAME from the darker shadows of the garage.

SPIKE

Where are you going?

Hoax kickstarts the scooter. It sputters, then dies. Spike moves in closer.

SPIKE

I said, where are you going?

Spike moves forward and reaches out to grab Hoax by the shirt. As Hoax deflects his hand, his sunglasses are knocked back slightly. Spike is horrified by what he sees.

ANGLE ON HOAX'S EYES

Lizzard-like and burning bright.

BACK ON HOAX AND SPIKE

SPIKE

Hoax? Jesus...

Spike backs up slowly as Hoax readjusts his sunglasses and starts his scooter up. Spike can only watch as Hoax and the scooter speed down the street and into the night.

Moments later, Aunt Lucy emerges from the house and goes over to Spike.

AUNT LUCY

I knew this would happen. He don't mind what I say. He sasses back. You done this! You couldn't leave well enough alone. You had to drag my Hoax into your evil ways.

SPIKE

I didn't do a damn thing.

AUNT LUCY

(quoting, ranting)

And then it was said, the angels of Hell would rise and inhabit the bodies of men.

Spike is about to say something, but he thinks better of it. He starts up the stairs with Lucy right on his heels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUNT LUCY

Heed my words, you bastard! You've been nothin' but trouble since your parents died. I done all I could for you. Now I want you out of here!

SPIKE

(confronting her)

This is my house!

Spike doesn't feel the need to explain himself, especially to Aunt Lucy. He enters his room. SLAM. Door and case closed.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Spike goes to his bed, reaches under the mattress and pulls out the Zip-Gun he took from Airhead. He sticks it between his belt and backside. He puts on his jacket and goes to the closet.

Spike opens the closet and pulls out a BEDROLL. It looks like he's going on a trip. There's a KNOCK on the door. Spike drops the bedroll and angrily rushes over. He grabs the knob and;

SPIKE

(opening door)

Don't you get it? Leave me a --

As the door opens we see it's Marty outside, not Aunt Lucy.

MARTY

I have to talk to you, Spike.

SPIKE

I got nothing to say.

Marty enters the room anyhow. Spike goes over to his bedroll, picks it up and slings it over his shoulder. He starts toward the door, but Marty blocks his way.

MARTY

Where are you going?

SPIKE

I'm getting out of here. I should have done it a long time ago.

MARTY

Not before you tell me what's going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE YARD - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angella exits Aunt Lucy's house by the kitchen door and starts over to the garage. As she reaches the stairs, Spike appears at the top landing, pushing his way past Marty. Marty grabs onto him.

MARTY

(heated)

You don't seem to understand the severity of this situation. What we're dealing with here is something more powerful than either of us can imagine. One girl might be dead already. You have to tell me what you know before someone else --

Spike pushes Marty away.

SPIKE

(angry, guilty)

How many times do I have to tell you? I don't know anything, it's not my problem, and I got nothing to do with it. So leave me alone!

Spike moves down the steps. He pauses to look at Angella. How'd she get involved in all this? Who cares? He continues past her and gets on his Harley. Marty and Angella watch.

MARTY

You can't run away from your problems. They got a way of catching up with you.

Spike kick starts his bike.

SPIKE

Good, then you won't have to worry anywhere.

Spike peels away sending up a rooster tail of dirt behind him. Marty joins Angella. He gestures toward the house.

MARTY

Was Hoax home?

ANGELLA

No. His Mom said he left about ten minutes ago. What next?

MARTY

(shaking his head)

I don't know... Let's go.

They walk toward the street where Angella's car is parked.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN CITY MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoax, sunglasses in place, walks right past the ticket booth and heads into the theater. The irate TICKET TAKER tries to stop him. The Taker is about twice Hoax's size.

TAKER

Hey, who do you think you are?

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOBBY - MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoax starts in with the Taker following him. He grabs Hoax from behind and turns him around.

TAKER

I said hold it, Jerk-Off!

Wrong word choice. Hoax grabs the guy and throws him right through the GLASS candy counter. TWO ATTENDANTS watch in disbelief as Hoax crosses up the stairs to the projection booth.

ATTENDANT #1

Call the cops!

ATTENDANT #2

(leaving)

You call the cops. I'm getting out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

The usual POKER GAME is in progress, but this time the Barracudas have the young Gang Girl wannabe playing with them. It's strip poker and she's stripped to the waist. Jeff is in his underwear. Rags is bare-chested. Marcus and Airhead are basically intact.

Marcus plays out his hand.

MARCUS

(throws down cards)

Aces and eights. Dead man's hand!

The projection booth door bursts open and Hoax enters, sunglasses in place and rubber gloves on his hands. Everyone looks up at him. Smiles spread across their faces.

AIRHEAD

Pinch me, Rags. I must be dreaming.
It's too good to be true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAGS

Well, well, well, if it isn't the
slasher himself.

Everyone stands and Airhead pulls out a BUTTERFLY KNIFE.
Poetic justice.

Rags moves around behind Hoax, taking him by the neck.
Airhead moves forward with Marcus and Jeff on either side of
him. Airhead flips the knife rapidly, a real pro.

Rags takes Hoax's right arm in a restraining hold.

RAGS

It's a little late to be wearing
sunglasses. Or is there a full
moon out?

MARCUS

What do you want to do to his face
first, Airhead? Slice or burn?

AIRHEAD

I don't give a damn. Let's just do him.

Marcus moves forward with a lit cigarette.

MARCUS

Hold on to him.

Airhead grabs Hoax's left arm and shoulder.

CLOSE ON HOAX

As the cigarette's BURNING EMBER comes close to his face, Hoax
remains calm.

BEHIND HOAX

The CAMERA focuses on Hoax's gloved right hand. Rags' hand is
wrapped around the wrist. There's a slight tremble in Hoax's
fingers as FIVE VERY DANGEROUS CLAWS, animalistic and lethal,
begin to tear out the ends of the rubber gloves.

RAGS

Can clearly see this and begins to worry.

RAGS

(alarmed)

Marcus...

Marcus teases Hoax with the butt.

HOAX'S LEFT HAND

The same thing occurs. Fingertips elongate tipped by claws.

GROUP

MARCUS

We know you're a real cut-up. Now
let's see what kind of asntay you make.

RAGS

Hey, Marcus...

MARCUS

Shut up!
(looks to Gang Girl)
You. Get outta here.

GANG GIRL

I wanna watch.

The Gang Girl moves in for a better look.

RAGS

(looking down)
Ohhh shit.

Marcus grinds the cigarette into Hoax's cheek where it burns deep. But Hoax doesn't even flinch. Instead, with one single swipe, in a burst of extra human strength, Hoax swings his left hand around to hit Marcus.

Hoax rakes Marcus across the chest with his claws. Marcus sprawls onto the floor semi-conscious.

Airhead, who made the mistake of holding on, is catapulted across the room. He slams into the PROJECTOR which falls over onto a pile of MOVIE POSTERS. They burst into flames.

Spinning quickly, Hoax reaches out and puts his palm over Rags' face. Hoax squeezes and the claws pop into Rags' scalp, temples and flesh. Rags screams. His flailing arms knock Hoax's sunglasses off, exposing those glowing lizard eyes.

Hoax pulls his hand away and rips RAGS' FACE right off. Nothing but an endocrine skeleton is left.

Jeff scrambles for the door, but Hoax is too quick. He grabs Jeff and TEARS HIS HEART right out of his chest. Jeff blinks for a second, alive long enough to see his own heart in Hoax's hand, held high and mighty.

As Jeff slides to the floor, we see the flames leaping up along the walls, spreading quickly.

Airhead stands and lunges at Hoax. Hoax reaches out and grabs Airhead by the CROTCH, squeezing and lifting him right off the ground.

With one powerful grasp, Hoax CASTRATES Airhead. Blood pours out of Airhead's mouth. Hoax throws the rapidly dying teen across the poker table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcus, recovering, spies Airhead's butterfly knife and lunges for it. But Hoax's foot steps right down on Marcus' outstretched hand. Marcus squeals in pain.

ANGLE ON SHOE

It trembles slightly and TOE NAILS, similar to the claws on Hoax's hands, burst out of the front of the shoes. Hoax's feet grow too large for his shoes and the seams split.

MARCUS AND HOAX

MARCUS

Oh God...

Hoax bends down and picks up the knife. With one quick cut, he slices off Marcus' hand. The stump SPEWS BLOOD across the floor. Marcus cries.

Hoax shakes the bloodied hand at Marcus' face and speaks.
(Note - Hoax's voice has now taken on a resonant quality, an indication of his further possession.)

HOAX

(very disturbed)

Now there's a dead man's hand!

Marcus, bloodied stump spewing blood in spurts, crawls away from Hoax and heads toward the door. Hoax seems to ignore Marcus and lets him go out the door and into the hall.

Hoax surveys his damage. Flames have spread across the booth. Hoax looks over at the Gang Girl. She's terrified, cowering in a corner trying to hide her nakedness. She looks like a scared little girl. Hoax laughs at her and flicks his tounge.

HOAX

Seen enough?

Hoax pauses and simply on a whim decides to leave her alone. He turns and heads after Marcus instead.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Marcus, standing in pain, leans against the wall for a moment. He holds his maimed limb under his arm.

Marcus starts down the hallway just as Hoax comes INTO FRAME after him. Hoax holds up Marcus' dismembered hand.

HOAX

You forgot something.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Art Deco in style and just like the Lady's Room described earlier, except for the urinals. Marcus pushes the door open and stumbles in. He sees the stalls and enters one.

STALL

Marcus swings the door shut and stands on the toilet.

ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOOR

It opens slowly and Hoax peeks inside.

HOAX

Simon says... Take three steps forward.

Hoax enters the room with three steps. He scrutinizes the scene. He still holds Marcus' hand.

ANGLE ON STALLS

There is a PUDDLE of blood forming on the floor of the one Marcus is in.

HOAX

Simon says... Open the door.

Hoax moves to the stall, grabs the door and rips it right off its hinges, exposing Marcus cowering in the back of the stall. Hoax throws the door aside.

HOAX

Simon says... Bye bye.

Hoax waves at Marcus with his own hand. He throws the hand down. It slides across the floor. Hoax removes the Butterfly Knife from his pocket and moves into the stall. He grabs Marcus by the hair and lifts him up. Marcus looks to be going insane with fear before our very eyes.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK away from the stall leaving us a view of Hoax's back.

MARCUS' VOICE

No... No...

HOAX'S VOICE

Yes... Yes...

The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK. All that's visible are Hoax's feet and the pool of Marcus's blood. Then Marcus' SCREAMS start. They are gruesome to listen to. We can't even imagine what Hoax is doing to Marcus, but Hoax must be enjoying it because we hear him LAUGH. There is one final piercing HOWL and off of it we,

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF GARDEN CITY - NIGHT

The ROAR of the Harley as Spike drives his machine to its limits, zipping around corners, across parking lots, and finally past a CHURCH on the edge of town.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CHURCH - GARDEN CITY - NIGHT

Spike slows down. He stops in front of a classic white, wooden church complete with steeple. There is something very wholesome about it. A large stain glassed window facing the street is lit up. Spike starts walking toward the church lighting a cigarette as he goes.

He pauses by a BULLETIN BOARD which lists the upcoming events. Most prominent is Memorial Service For Suzanne Walker 6PM. Spike starts in and then realizes he stills holds his cigarette. He starts to flick it away and then decides this is not the thing to do either. So he field strips it and slides it behind his left ear. Spike then continues inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Very simple. Wooden pews and a pulpit. It looks deserted. Spike pauses for a moment, not quite knowing what to do. He genuflects awkwardly and looks about. He swallows hard.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as a hand comes to rest on Spike's shoulder. Spike jumps a bit, but it's only the MINISTER.

MINISTER

It's okay, Son. No need to be afraid here.

SPIKE

(out of place)

Sorry... I made a mistake.

Spike leaves, embarrassed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Spike, sitting on his Harley, bows his head in a moment of solitude. Not so much in mourning, but rather regretting not taking responsibility when he had the chance. He hits the gas and he's off and running again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

Spike heading out of town, the lights of Garden City fading rapidly behind him. Ahead, we see the flames and smoke of the OIL REFINERY STACKS billowing above the small hamlet.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP. A quiet lull in the air in anticipation of something. A breeze blows through the elm trees. A cat SHREIKS. The light in Hoax's room turns on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Aunt Lucy stands in the room looking about. Several Cats have accompanied her. She goes to the closet and opens it.

Aunt Lucy sees the hanging G.I. Joes and lets out a GASP. Her surprise turns to anger though and she rips them all down... Hoax's phone begins to RING.

Lucy goes to answer it. She's surprised by the melted state of the receiver, but she answers it anyhow.

AUNT LUCY

Hello?

MASTER (filtered)

Put them back up.

AUNT LUCY

(confused)

What?

MASTER (filtered)

Put them back up.

AUNT LUCY

Who is this?

MASTER

(demanding)

Put them back up, you miserable old slut!

Aunt Lucy's eyes narrow. She's had just about enough.

AUNT LUCY

May God strike you dead for talking to me like that. Just what gives you the right? You're speakin' to a lady! You outta be ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASTER

Put them --

AUNT LUCY

You listen to me, Mr. Phone Pervert. I don't have the slightest idea of what you're talkin' about, but you address me with respect. How dare you? Who do you think you are?

MASTER

The Master of Darkness, the Lord of the Underworld. I am --

AUNT LUCY

Well, Mr. Master, you are speakin' to Lucretia Olivia Wilmoth now. Let me tell you somethin' --

CLICK and DIAL TONE. For once it seems the Master has finally met his match. Lucy hangs up and gives an indignant SNORT. She stomps out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoax is sitting on the plastic covered couch. His face is blistered and beginning to grow a little fungus around the corners of his mouth and eyes. His hands are now covered by the pussy strips of the rubber gloves. He sits motionless.

Aunt Lucy enters and is momentarily startled to see Hoax sitting there. She can't see his face because of the shadows.

AUNT LUCY

(recovering)

Hoax, boy! Where have you been?!

He is mute. Aunt Lucy is ready to explode with anger.

AUNT LUCY

You answer me. I've had just about all I can take.

Aunt Lucy notices smeared blood on the plastic of her couch. Her eyes widen. But she identifies it as just more dirt, not blood.

AUNT LUCY

(screaming)

Git off the couch with all that dirt! Lookit! It's a mess! Git off!

Hoax's fingers claw and tear at the plastic as his fury grows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUNT LUCY

That's it, boy. I'm fetchin' the strap. You're long overdue.

Aunt Lucy crosses in front of him. Hoax stands to block her way.

AUNT LUCY

Get outta my way, boy.

Hoax doesn't budge. Aunt Lucy raises her hand.

AUNT LUCY

Never mind the strap. You're still not too old for me to put you over my knee.

Hoax backs her up against her own couch.

AUNT LUCY

Hoax?

Hoax raises his hand, now a monstrous paw, distorted and deformed.

Lucy cringes at the sight of it. Hoax brings it across her neck.

ANGLE ON HOAX

As some of Lucy's blood splatters on him.

ANGLE ON COUCH

As Lucy, clutching her throat with reddened fingers, slumps over onto the couch and slides down. Her body smears blood across the plastic as she slips to the floor and dies.

The Parrot jumps from bar to bar within its cage.

PARROT

Brrwaack! Not on the couch! Not on the couch!

Hoax moves to the Parrot's cage and with one swipe of his hand, sends Parrot and cage into oblivion. All that's left is a few FEATHERS wafting through the air around Hoax.

HOAX

That's what the plastic's for, asshole!

Hoax moves back to the couch and reaches underneath. He pulls out the DISCARDED CANDY BAR (from Earlier). Hoax then lifts Aunt Lucy's body off the floor, slings it over his shoulder and heads out of the room while eating the candy bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN CITY MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

A four alarm blaze. The theater is going up faster than an old Christmas tree. FIRE ENGINES, FIREMEN, SPECTATORS and WATER are everywhere.

ANGLE ON STREET CORNER

The street has been blocked off and Sgt. Bell is manning the sawhorses. Marty's car rolls up and stops. Marty and Angella look toward the fire. Bell walks over to Marty's side of the car.

BELL

You folks are going to have to turn around and head the other way.

MARTY

What happened?

Before Bell can answer, a DEPUTY approaches and interrupts.

DEPUTY

The Manager says one of the local kids was causing trouble before the fire broke out.

(reading from pad)

His name is Hoax Wilmoth.

Marty looks at Angella.

BELL

Okay, when we get this thing a little more under control, go check it out.

The Deputy nods and walks away. Bell turns back to Marty.

BELL

Move along now.

Marty does a U-turn and starts driving away.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTY'S CAR - NIGHT

Marty drives away from the fire which can be seen through the back window.

ANGELLA

Now what do we do?

MARTY

Find Hoax.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELLA

Don't you think we should let the police handle this?

MARTY

From the looks of this fire, that could take all night. Besides, I'm a reporter.

CUT TO:

EXT. OIL REFINERY - NIGHT

Perched on the hills above Garden City, the Refinery stacks spew smoke and fire high into the air.

Spike is sitting on his bike, looking down at the tiny lights of the community below. He swigs from a BOTTLE of Jack Daniels and takes a drag from a cigarette.

WORKERS move in and out of the refinery as swing shift switches with graveyard shift. Spike rests the bottle of booze on top of a refinery PIPE next to some METERS.

SPIKE

(burps)

Bullshit. It's all bullshit.

One Worker moves INTO FRAME and starts to take readings off the metered pipe. He looks at Spike and frowns. This is OLD JOE, 63 and black. He was a friend of Spike's father, many years ago.

OLD JOE

Okay, seen the city enough? I got a job to do. Move it.

SPIKE

Fuck off.

OLD JOE

(moving forward)

Why I outta take you and...

(recognizes Spike)

Hey, you're uh... Leonard Johnson's kid, ain't ya?

SPIKE

Was.

OLD JOE

Yeah, yeah... Sparky. Right?

SPIKE

Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD JOE

Shoulda known it. Your father used to bring you up here when he was working for the company. You were no more than knee high. Still starin' at the same old view?

SPIKE

Yup.

OLD JOE

Yeah, kinda miss your old man. He was a real sob! Took care of everyone here. Didn't matter if it was life or death, he was always there. Saved two of my men one day... Anyways, hope you're just like him. We need more shit kickers... You drink the same kind of booze at least.

Spike offers him a swig. Old Joe takes one.

OLD JOE

Good for what ails ya until you wake up the next mornin'. And when ya look aroun', the stuff that's got ya nippin' is still there.

He holds the bottle back out to Spike.

SPIKE

Keep it.

OLD JOE

Thanks. If ya got any time, I'd love to show you around the rig. Things've changed since your Dad was here. Got a whole new converter system.

SPIKE

Thanks.

(starts his bike)

But I gotta be somewhere.

Spike whizzes out of the refinery parking lot as Old Joe looks on. Joe starts to pour the booze out onto the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark. Marty's car pulls up. Marty looks at Angella.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY'S VOICE

Stay here while I take a look around.

ANGELLA'S VOICE

He's just a kid, Marty.

MARTY'S VOICE

Humor me on this one and stay put.

Angella sighs and then nods. Marty gets out and starts toward the house.

MARTY

Marty steps up to the front door and rings the bell. A pause. Nothing. Marty looks to the car, shrugs and moves around to the other side of the house.

BACK OF AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE

There is a TRELLIS against the wall. Several VINES of some sort grow up it. The trellis ends just below a second floor window. Marty takes one look around and decides that the only way to go is up. He begins to climb the trellis.

TRELLIS

Marty climbs. About halfway up, one of the slats BREAKS under Marty's foot and he almost falls. Marty regroups and continues. The trellis comes to an end. Marty reaches up and takes hold of the trim around the window. He steadies himself and pulls himself up to look through the window.

ANGLE INTO ROOM - ACROSS MARTY'S SHOULDER

This is Aunt Lucy's bedroom. It's fairly normal except for one thing. All of Aunt Lucy's Cats are gathered on the floor next to the bed. They are swarming over something.

Marty pulls on the window trying to open it. SUDDENLY...

SHOCK CUT:

Through the window, from inside, Hoax looks back at Marty. To put it gently, Hoax's complexion has deteriorated. His teeth also seem to have grown sharper. And of course, there are always the eyes.

Marty GASPS and loses his balance. He falls.

GROUND

Marty hits the ground, writhes for a moment and then doesn't move.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTY'S CAR OUTSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT

Angella sits inside, unaware of Marty's plight. She nervously lights a cigarette.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

It opens and Hoax steps into view. His face is kept recessed in the shadows. He waves at Angella, attempting to get her attention.

HOAX
(calling)
Miss Martinez.

His voice, though slightly resonant, sounds more normal than before. Angella notices him. She rolls down the window.

ANGELLA
Hoax? Is that you?

HOAX
Miss Martinez, Mr. Palmer wants you to come inside. There's something wrong with my Mamma. I think she's sick.

Angella hesitates and then gets out of the car. She moves up the front walkway. Hoax disappears back into the house before she reaches the door.

ANGELLA
What seems to be wrong with her?
Hoax?

Angella passes through the doorway and into the house. She leaves the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angella enters the darkened room. She looks around. It seems to be empty. Angella rubs her shoulders. A chill runs down her spine. It seems unnaturally cold in the house.

ANGELLA
Hoax? Where are you?

HOAX (OS)
Right here.

Hoax spins around in his Mamma's swivel chair. His face is half-streaked by the moonlight. Some disfiguration is visible, but not enough to frighten Angella, yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELLA

Where's your Mom? Where's Marty?
(shivering)
Why is it so cold in here?

HOAX

(more resonant)

You don't like it? I prefer the
cold myself. I always have. My
cousin didn't believe it would get
this way, but it has.

(seductively evil)

I have been watching you for some
time, Angella. You're a very
attractive woman.

ANGELLA

(a little spooked)

Thank you, Hoax. Now, if you'd
show me to your Mom and Marty...

HOAX

I've always wondered what you
looked like without any clothes on.

ANGELLA

Alright, Hoax, enough of this.

Angella begins to back out of the room.

ANGELLA

(calling)

Marty? Mrs. Wilmoth?

HOAX

(fully possessed)

I imagine your breast are firm to
the touch. Do your nipples point up
or down when they're cold? Show me.

Angella backs out of the room into the foyer.

FRONT FOYER

ANGELLA

(panicked)

Marty!

Angella backs up toward the open front door. She turns to
rush out and the door SLAMS in her face. She tries to open it
to no avail.

LIVING ROOM

Hoax spins around in the chair. For the first time we notice Suzie's earring dangling bloody from Hoax's left ear.

HOAX

The girl of my dreams leaving so soon? / I don't think so.

FOYER

Angella turns and tries to run down the hall, but Hoax is there grabbing her by the wrists, in all his full-figured monstrous countenance. Angella SCREAMS.

HOAX

You can't go. You haven't seen my Momma yet.

Hoax drags a struggling Angella up the stairs. Hoax's breath, as well as Angella's is becoming visible in the air, a sign of the growing cold.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BACK OF AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty, groggy, lies amidst a pile of Devil's Weed located at the bottom of the trellis. Angella SCREAMS again (OS) and this brings Marty to his senses.

MARTY

Angella?!

Marty tries to stand, but can't. Something is holding him down. Marty looks to his legs where several of the Devil's Weed Roots have wrapped around his shins and feet. Marty begins to rip at the roots, but they only seem to tighten their grasp on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A PATROL CAR moves slowly around a corner and parks across the street from the house. The Deputy, seen earlier, is at the wheel.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoax leads Angella down the hallway like a pull toy. She's subdued with shock. He stops at the door to Aunt Lucy's room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOAX

Time to meet Momma. And may I say, you're dressed lovely for the occasion.

Hoax throws the door open and shoves Angella into the room. He slams the door shut behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGLE ON DOOR - AUNT LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angella stumbles inside. She turns and tries the door. Realizing it's futile, her panic begins to subside. She hears a MEOW and spins to face the room.

AUNT LUCY'S ROOM

Nothing is out of the ordinary. Then a CAT leaps up on Aunt Lucy's bed. Seconds later, it leaps back down. There are more MEOWS.

Angella moves around the bed towards the meows. On the other side of the bed is a swarm of CATS.

Angella gets closer. She nudges the cats away with her foot. They ignore her at first, but finally begin to give ground. Angella pushes a few more aside. There is something big and lumpy on the floor.

A few more move away revealing AUNT LUCY! They have been eating her. Her ravaged flesh is torn and bloody. Several large bones have been exposed. A gruesome, gruesome sight.

Angella staggers back horrified. The cats swarm back in. Angella opens her mouth to scream, but nothing comes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Deputy, who had started up the walk, suddenly hears a scream. Angella's found her voice. He rushes into the house, drawing his service revolver.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty also hears the scream and his struggle to get loose intensifies.

ANGLE ON KNIFE BLADE

A HAND raises a huge kitchen KNIFE high in the air over Marty.

BACK ON MARTY

He sees the blade and only has time to cringe and cover up.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE Spike who holds the knife. He brings it down swiftly.

The blade digs into the tangle of Devil's Weed Roots, cutting Marty free.

MARTY

You scared the shit out of me.

SPIKE

Where's Hoax?

MARTY

Inside. He's got Angella.

Spike helps Marty to his feet. They rush around toward the front of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty and Spike move around the corner to face the front porch. Spike moves slowly up the steps and reaches for the door knob. A foot long ICICLE is hanging there. Spike turns to exchange a puzzled glance with Marty.

Suddenly, the DOOR EXPLODES OUTWARDS throwing Spike and Marty to the ground. As the smoke and splinters clear, we can see Hoax standing in the doorway.

He looks down on Spike, who's trying to maintain consciousness.

HOAX

Isn't it ironic? You down there
and me up here. Guess what,
cousin? Hell finally froze over.

Hoax chokes up some phlegm and spits at Spike.

ANGLE ON SPIKE

By the time it reaches him, the spittle has turned to ice.

BACK ON HOAX

Hoax disappears back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

As Hoax moves upstairs, the CAMERA focuses on his feet. With every step taken, Hoax leaves behind a frosted footprint.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angella is struggling with the window. Her attempts are futile. Her mascara has run. She looks terrible. Wouldn't you?

ANGLE ON LUCY'S BED

One of the Cats jumps up and watches Angella. Another Cat and then another and another. They HISS at Angella.

BACK ON ANGELLA

She turns and spots the cats. They raise their paws as if to strike, bearing their claws. Hair stands on end along their backs and tails.

Angella backs toward the door as the cats advance. She pounds on the door, shakes the door knob, desperately trying to get out before this angry mob of felines corner her for good.

ANGELLA

Help!

Angella faces the cats. This could be it. But the door opens behind her and a HAND grabs her shoulder and yanks her out into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angella is spun around to face her savior - It's Hoax, smiling with evil lust. Frost is beginning to form on the walls behind them.

HOAX

(visible breath)

What's the matter, Angie? Cat got your tounge? Did you enjoy your visit with Momma? She makes great dinner conversation.

ANGELLA

Please... Let me go.

HOAX

But you haven't seen my room yet.

Hoax starts dragging Angella down the hall.

HOAX

I bet you're dying to.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Spike and Marty, stunned, help each other to their feet.

MARTY

What now?

SPIKE

Age before beauty.

Spike reaches between his belt and backside and pulls out the Zip-Gun.

MARTY

You got a gun? If that thing works then you go first.

They move cautiously to the doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT FOYER - LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Spike and Marty move into the foyer, we can see their warm breath billowing.

They are amazed as we are, because the whole inside of the foyer looks like a Winter Wonderland. There's about a foot of ICE on the walls. The floor is iced over and Spike almost falls down. Every object that has the capacity to have an icicle hanging from it does.

MARTY

Looks like your Aunt has a new decorator.

SPIKE

What the hell happened in here?

MARTY

This is typical of possession cases. The coldness is a manifestation of the devil's presence.

(pause)

At least that's what I've read.

SPIKE

You're kidding, right?

MARTY

I wish I were. Now you better tell me everything.

Marty places his hand on the FROZEN CREDENZA. The warmth of his hand melts the ice which then refreezes. He has some trouble pulling it free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

I already told you. I don't know anything except Hoax was fucking around with that Horrorscope number.

MARTY

They disconnected that number a couple of months ago. He's fucking around with something a lot more serious than that.

As Marty and Spike continue into the living room, the CAMERA holds on an object imbedded in the ice. Spike and Marty don't see it.

ANGLE ON WALL

Revealing the Deputy frozen in a foot of ice. He's been disemboweled and his GUTS hang out frozen stiff. His eyes and mouth are open wide in an expression of horrific death.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marty and Spike survey the scene. Every piece of furniture is frosted. The infamous couch is frozen solid, the red of the blood can be seen underneath.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hoax advances as Angella cowers in a corner. He grabs her ankles and pulls hard, spreading her legs. Angella looks to be on the verge of insanity. She SCREAMS desperately.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Spike and Marty look up and rush out of the room.

MARTY

Angella!

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hoax is grindinng his hips into Angella's when they hear Marty's shout. Coitus interruptus.

HOAX

What a pity. Our first date chaperoned.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Spike and Marty stop dead in their tracks. The stairs have frozen into a natural ICE RAMP. Marty tries to run up it, but he slides back down. He tries again. No use.

MARTY
(urgent)
Give me a boost.

Spike, hands cupped, lifts Marty toward one of the side railing STAVES above them. Pulling his sleeves over his hands for protection, Marty grabs on and is able to lift himself up one stave at a time on the outside of the staircase.

As Marty is about to reach the last stave, Hoax's clawed foot lands on the stair next to his hand.

HOAX'S POV

He can see Spike at the bottom of the stairs, but he doesn't see Marty.

GROUP

Spike is at the bottom, Hoax is at the top, and Marty hangs from the side.

HOAX
Welcome to my house, Cousin.

SPIKE
I think it's time we ended this,
Hoax.

HOAX
Sorry, Cousin, you just don't end
this. But you do end those
who get in the way of Armageddon.

As Hoax starts down the stairs, Marty reaches through the staves and grabs Hoax's leg. He pulls with all his might, tripping Hoax up.

Hoax lurches forward and tumbles down the icy ramp, sprawling at the base of the stairs. Marty, meanwhile, pulls himself up over the railing and disappears down the upstairs hallway.

Hoax looks up to find himself staring into the barrel of the Zip-Gun.

SPIKE
Armageddon this, Cousin.

Spike pulls the trigger. Hoax's jaw is blown away, but when the red mist settles and the smoke clears, Hoax is still alive and smiling with what's left of his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hoax grabs the Zip-Gun out of Spike's hand and crushes it.

HOAX

You know Momma told us never to
play with guns.

Spike punches Hoax in the face. No effect, except some blood from his missing jaw splatters and freezes against the wall.

Hoax swings back with power. Spike is thrown violently against the credenza. He looks up to see Hoax bearing down on him.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marty enters this room first. Like the rest of the house, it's frozen over. On the floor is the corpse of Aunt Lucy. The Cats are frozen around her in macabre mid-banquet.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

Hoax, standing near Spike, looks up at the CHANDELIER from which several deadly ICICLES hang. A grimace from Hoax and one breaks loose.

As if it were shot out of something, the icicle heads right for Spike who's trying to get up off the floor. The icicle SMASHES into the floor beside him leaving its tip impaled in the floor. Another icicle and another cause Spike to dive and dodge.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angella is practically in shock. She sits on the edge of Hoax's bed. The door opens and Marty enters. He goes to her.

MARTY

Angella? Are you okay?

Angella nods her head slowly. She begins to realize that Marty is with her, not Hoax.

ANGELLA

He's going to kill me.

MARTY

Let's get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marty looks around. There's one window and the door leading back to Hoax. Marty goes to the window. He struggles to open it. It budes an inch and then stops.

MARTY

Shit.

Marty then notices that the TUBE SYSTEM starts at this window and leads across to the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

The barrage of icicles has stopped. Hoax looms over Spike.

SPIKE

(defiant)

You go to hell!

HOAX

We're both going to hell.

Glass shattering o.s. Hoax looks up. Spike has to think quick to give Marty and Angella time to get away.

SPIKE

If you kill me, Hoax, we'll never make that motorcycle trip together.

HOAX

(looks back to Spike)

Once you've been to hell, everything pales in comparison.

Besides, Hoax,

(hideous snort)

God rest his soul, is no longer with us.

SPIKE

No, listen. The trip across country.

You remember? We'll get two babes, just like you wanted. I know you can hear me, Hoax.

Hoax pauses. Somewhere inside him, a small part of the old Hoax is surfacing. We can tell because his voice changes slightly, an inflection higher than the ominous ghoul's voice.

OLD HOAX

The Trip?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

You can ride my bike. I'll even
get you a new one if you want.
Just think, it'll be great. Out
on the open road...

Hoax is lost in thought for a moment. Spike thinks he can
make a break.

OLD HOAX

And across country, and the Grand
Canyon and the painted desert.
(getting into it)
The Mississippi, New Orleans, Florida...

SPIKE

Right. Think about Florida.

Upstairs and o.s. we hear the sound of a PIPE WRENCHING loose
from its mounts. It's loud, sharp and brings Hoax back into
monstrous focus. Old Hoax begins to fade.

OLD HOAX

(trying to hang on)
Please, Spike, take me with you.

Just as Hoax is going over completely to his new, evil form,
he grabs Spike, picking him up off his feet.

SPIKE

Get out of here.

Hoax throws Spike through the doorway and then turns his
attention upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Spike hits the front porch and rolls down a set of steps to
the grass. Slightly shaken, Spike gets up and turns back to
the door.

ANGLE ON DOOR

In an instant, the doorway has frozen over solid with a layer
of ice. Spike couldn't pass through it with a jackhammer.

SPIKE

runs around the corner of the house and comes to a screeching
halt. He looks up to see:

MARTY AND ANGELLA - SPIKE'S POV

They're right outside and above Hoax's window, hanging from the
pneumatic pipe. They begin to pull themselves across.

SIDE YARD

Marty looks down and sees Spike.

MARTY
Where's Hoax?

SPIKE
Inside.

Hoax appears at the window, grabbing for Marty's arms. They continue across the pipe. Halfway across, Angella freezes.

PIPE - ANGELLA'S POV

At the other end of the pipe, several LARGE STRANDS of DEVIL'S WEED are winding their way toward Angella and Marty.

MARTY AND ANGELLA

ANGELLA
Look, Marty!

Marty sees. His eyes widen. Behind them, Hoax smiles devilishly.

HOAX
Six of one, half a dozen the other.

A sense of urgency for Marty and Angella.

MARTY
Let go, Angella! Let go!

ANGELLA
(frantic)
No!

They look to the ground where new DEVIL'S WEED formations are growing up towards them, reaching out like Satan's fingers.

ON HOAX

Hoax loves every minute of this.

BACK ON SPIKE

Safely away from the weeds, he watches feeling helpless. Suddenly it hits him. He knows what to do. Spike rushes to the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Spike burst in. He rushes to his dresser and pulls an object out of the bottom drawer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear the sound of CRUNCHING and GRATING as the floor beneath Spike's feet begins to bubble. Something is growing underneath it.

Spike moves to his window where he can see Angella and Marty still holding on for their lives. Hoax makes things worse by pulling on the pipe.

Spike reaches below the window and switches on the vacuum cleaner. Air begins to rush through the pipe system.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hoax looks puzzled as the air begins to rush through the tube system on his side. He looks out the window at Spike. Marty and Angella, still between them, have just about had it.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Spike raises the object he pulled from the drawer. It's the HAND GRENADE he took from Airhead.

As Spike pulls the PIN from the grenade, a large thick DEVIL'S WEED ROOT bursts up through the floor and encircles his arm. Spike drops the grenade to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PIPE - NIGHT

Marty and Angella, inches from death on all sides, feel the pipe begin to buckle. AIR seeps out a crack. A root takes hold of Angella's leg and begins pulling.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Spike struggles to reach the grenade as the root pulls him through the floorboards.

One last lunge and he reaches it. He loads it into the pipe and it is sucked up and out.

SPIKE

Marty!!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PIPE - NIGHT

Marty and Angella hear Spike. The grenade RATTLES as it passes through the pipe over their heads.

SPIKE (OS)

Jump!!

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Spike disappears through the floorboards as the roots drag him under.

SPIKE

Ahhh!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE YARD AND PIPE - NIGHT

Marty and Angella let go of the pipe and drop toward the Devil's Weed below. The weeds quickly envelope them.

CUT TO:

INT. HOAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

He lives long enough to see the grenade arrive at his end.

HOAX

(resonant)

NO!!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE YARD - NIGHT

BOOM!!! The grenade goes off, blowing Hoax's room right out of the side of the house in a huge fireball. WRECKAGE sprays down around Marty and Angella.

MARTY AND ANGELLA

They lay amidst the Devil's Weed which is now dying and shriveling back. He brushes debris off of her.

MARTY

You okay?

ANGELLA

I think so.

MARTY

Good, then you can call the ambulance because I think I broke both my legs.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE BELOW SPIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Spike is being pulled down into the ground by the Devil's Weed. Only his upper torso is visible. He appears to be losing his struggle when, suddenly, these roots shrivel and die like the other ones. Spike pulls himself out of the hole and rushes out of the garage, tearing the remaining root tendrils left attached to his body.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Spike emerges from the garage and runs over to Marty and Angella. Spike looks down at them and up to where Hoax's room used to be. Marty looks at Angella and then at Spike.

MARTY

Even Modern Miracle Magazine is
not going to believe this one.

Marty puts his arm around Angella. She's beginning to return to the world of the living. She wipes away a smudge of dirt from his forehead, then kisses him.

Spike sees something on the ground amidst the debris. It's Suzie's earring. He picks it up, looks at it for a thoughtful moment and then places it gently into his pocket.

Spike and Angella prop Marty up between them. There is a booming clap of THUNDER and rain begins to fall. Spike looks up to the sky and then back at Marty. A pause. More fish?

SPIKE & MARTY

(together)

Naw.

The rain begins to douse the flames leaping out of Hoax's room. Perhaps someone up there likes Spike and is saving his house.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE ENDNE EHT